

Breezes

Graduation Number



DANIEL McINTYRE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
WINNIPEG

JUNE, 1928

Grade 10

The "Breezes" Staff

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D.M.C.I. BREEZES

Published by the Pupils of the
DANIEL McINTYRE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

JUNE, 1928

Editorial

SCHOOL SPIRIT

WHAT an intangible thing is school spirit, and how hard it is to achieve! Looking back over the years spent in High School, I feel that a great many of the pupils in the Collegiate have missed altogether that glorious, wholly entrapturing thrill which comes when one has wished (oh, so much) that one's school might win, and when the old Dan. Mac. has **come through**—the flying "C" triumphant.

That hasn't happened often enough in recent years, and the reason is only too apparent. There is no enthusiasm. There is too much of this "Oh well, what does it matter who wins!" idea. A calm, equable temperament is very well in its place, but its place is not in the Collegiate, where everyone should be out to win—if not really by action, at least by encouragement.

I first noticed Dan. Mac's. lack of spirit this year at Field Day. Now Field Day was once **the** occasion of the School Year. Three High Schools met, and battled for supremacy, all shouting school yells with great gusto, and "booing" similar attempts on the part of other schools. But behold! This year Field Day was a fashion parade, a family reunion—what you will. Almost as large an attendance as had in former years lined the fence and swayed the grand stand, now walked leisurely about, talking, or sat comfortably (too comfortably!) in parked cars outside. Some enthusiasts cheered the efforts of the athletes, but their number was far from being large. What encouragement for our representatives! Is it surprising that they tried in vain?

Then came rugby. Our school entered for the first time, and a lively game took place at Wesley Park. Surely not more than twenty Dan Mac's. (excluding the team) saw that match or knew who won.

It has been the same throughout the year, in skating races, swimming races, basketball games, hockey games, debates, the oratorical contest—but is it of any use to cite more instances?

In my own field of endeavour, I have found the same listlessness. "It seems that it is 'cissyfied' to contribute to the 'Breezes.' Poetry is 'dumb.' No one reads editorials. There aren't enough jokes. There should be a year book." Bright suggestions and opinions, all of them, but do they go any further? **Not an inch!** "Breezes" representatives are elected for popularity—rarely for ability, and they have to be prodded severely before they will consent to write even a list of class officers. With such support, is it surprising that the "Breezes" makes

a poor appearance among other school papers? This is merely another instance of unpardonable lack of school spirit.

The press is said to be a moulder of opinion. Will the "Breezes" ever be such? I am trying in this article to turn the thoughts of those few who read editorials to this great need in the hope that there will be a real school spirit here in the Collegiate in the future. Cannot you who follow us, help to bring it into existence? We are going—leaving the Collegiate. We shall never have the right to enter it again as pupils, but to you we look to "Let your light shine," to make your influence felt.

Perhaps many years hence, a Dan. Mac. pupil reading this "ancient" paper will laugh at the thought that in 1928, the Collegiate lacked school spirit.

Let this be my greeting to such an one:

"O, friend, unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone,
I was a poet, I was young.
Since I can never see your face
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand."

—C.C.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS

"Books are constant. The while I live
Courage and wisdom and strength they give,
Laughter for glad times, faith for sad,
Many an hour with them all I've had,
And whether the world praise me or blame,
The books that I've cherished remain the same."—Guest.

I HAVE been adventuring today—adventuring in old Spain. I have sailed in ponderous galleons over the seven seas, and returned to her ports laden with rich treasure. I have mingled with the colorful throng in old Madrid—the gay and gallant Spanish dons, and the lovely, vivid, laughing *senoritas*. I have shuddered at the horrors of the Inquisition, and thrilled with excitement with the delighted crowds in the Plaza de Toros. I have seen Spain's past glories, her former greatness, her ancient splendour. I have lived for a few brief hours in another century. Brief, indeed, they were, but hours of crowded, glorious living in the truest sense of the word—living in a fairyland found between the faded covers of an old book.

I wonder, now, if you were disappointed when you read that last sentence? Perhaps you felt it was in the nature of an anti-climax; you may have expected an out-of-the-way explanation, possibly a new discovery of science whereby man may be transported into by-gone ages and live as those who went before have done. And then you find my outburst has been occasioned, merely by an ordinary, commonplace book. But those are two of the most incongruous adjectives ever applied to that thrice blessed word.

For there is magic—living, pulsing magic in books. Books contain

words, which in themselves are wonderful, but which, in the hands of a master form that most beautiful of created works—a story.

Perhaps you disagree with me as to that. You may regard a marvellous picture or a fragile piece of statuary as unsurpassed in beauty. You may thrill to the strains of music and revel in the sweet pain, which beauty always brings—amid a flood of harmony. Or perhaps you worship nature and find the heights of happiness in the everchanging glories of the sunset, the rich, glowing velvet of the butterfly's wing, the soft, tinted satin of flower petals, the strong, rugged beauty of the trees—untranslated through the medium of art and music.

True, all these will satisfy that indefinable longing within you if you but have "eyes to see, and ears to hear." Yet a book contains all this, and, what is more, it gives the glory of art, the thrill of music, and the wonders of nature to those who do not or cannot, realize these for themselves.

And books are friends, true, constant and unfailing; friends for a rainy day. Friends you may trust for comfort when you are weary of the ways of men. They are an ever-present refuge from the weary tread-mill of work-a-day life. They lift you out of the grey and dreary plane of a humdrum existence in a monotonous, commonplace world, and fill your life with deep, glowing color. They irradiate romance and adventure and carry them into the dullest of existences. They fill the lives of the poor and oppressed with beauty. They cheer and enlighten the starved minds and souls of countless unfortunates, and make life bearable—nay, transform it into a thing of everlasting joy and purpose and loveliness.

For those who glory in life and find joy in all it offers, books serve to intensify and strengthen their happiness, to give them ideals to follow, and a goal to seek.

Anyone may be enriched with their gifts if he but will. Open the covers of a good book and lose yourself in the wondrous, breath-taking mystery of beautiful words. Let your imagination have full sway and carry your soul into a light-flooded world of fancy.

Some there are, who, in their ignorance and folly, scorn the poetry which books would bring into their lives, and refuse steadfastly to be enriched with the proffered music. They do not realize their loss.

But those who know and appreciate books are indeed fortunate beings—for they hold the key to fairyland, the realm of Peter Pan, the spirit of eternal youth, whom they may hold ever in their hearts. They have a secret place wherein to find courage and hope and strength to face the new day. They achieve the heights of joy and the depths of sorrow. They live!

—M.A.

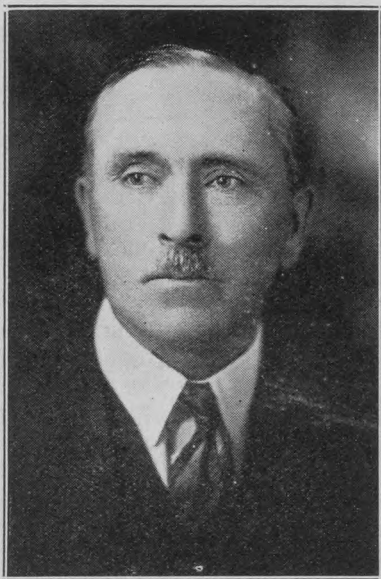
NOTICE

The staff of the "Breezes" wishes to thank the Commercial teachers and pupils who were kind enough to type all copy, thus relieving the editorial staff of a great deal of worry.

GRADUATION MESSAGE

I TAKE pleasure in responding to the invitation of the Editor-in-Chief of the "Breezes" to write a brief article for the "Graduation Number." Almost the entire membership of the present graduating class entered the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute when I assumed its Principalship in September, 1925. I feel that I know the class very intimately and that through the knowledge we have by this intimacy gained of each other we are very closely bound in friendship.

It has been my desire to co-operate with the students in every way that would accrue to their welfare and advantage. To this end there was established at my suggestion the Students' Council. I take this



PRINCIPAL A. C. CAMPBELL

opportunity of thanking the students and the staff of teachers for their fine spirit and loyal support. In this connection also, I desire to include the men who perform so acceptably the janitorial and engineering duties. I have received from all of these bodies many helpful suggestions. I was pleased to give assent to every plan brought to me for approval by the Students' Council this year. I also wish to acknowledge the valuable assistance given by the officers in the various classes. I hope that every student, either by work done in office or by loyal support to the officers and staff, has increased his or her stock of self-reliance and self-control, an equipment that will prove of great service in meeting the demands of life.

To the graduates may I say that "it doth not yet appear what you shall be," as your education has only

begun. It is important to preserve a right mental attitude in order to achieve success. Try to fix firmly in your own mind what you should be or do, and then move on without fear of the result. Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do, and then, as the days glide by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are necessary for the fulfillment of your desire. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thoughts you hold will daily transform you into that particular individual.

Remember that success is not attained without hard work. Some pupils avoid work as they would a plague; others appear to regard it as a necessary evil. The real truth is that it is a pleasant privilege.

Work is activity for a very definite purpose. It satisfies both muscles and brain. In overcoming obstacles, in mastering difficult tasks, in solving hard problems we become aware of our powers. To have accomplished something useful brings health and satisfaction to body, mind and spirit. We gain through the exercise of our faculties, physically, mentally, morally, spiritually.

Look well to your habits. It is your business to manage them now. Later on they will manage you. Very soon you will be in their power. If you have already acquired the habit of regular study from seven-thirty to nine-thirty for five evenings a week, you are fortunate. You are well on the road to self-mastery.

May the education which you now have be the means of creating in you a desire for more education, of implanting in you ideals of service, and of teaching you how to spend your leisure time pleasantly and profitably. In short, may it help you not merely to get a living, but to live.

My best wishes go with each of you as you leave this school. I shall watch your career with hope and confidence.

A. C. CAMPBELL.

A SPRING FLOWER

Bright little bunch of yellow
Blooming most everywhere,
Over the hills and valleys,
Over the meadows fair.

All along by the wayside,
Peeping up through the grass,
Fair little gleam of sunshine
Smiling at us as we pass.

First little flower of springtime,
Braving the frost and cold,
Cheering our hearts with the promise
Of summer soon to unfold.

Scorned and despised by the many,
Welcomed and loved by the few
Who find in your golden beauty
A joy that is ever new.

What other of Earth's fair blossoms
Can rival your yellow gleam?
Gay little Dandelion,
Kissed by the sun's bright beam.

—Margaret Chapple, Room 24.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

THE school in general received several pleasant surprises during the Oratorical contest this year, when talent, heretofore only vaguely suspected, was fully revealed.

There were seven speakers competing, and all presented the subject in a clear, concise and striking manner. Canada's future was pictured in glowing colors, and we hope that the prophecies made by the orators may be realized. Those taking part were Catherine Elliot, Marguerite Ross, Margaret Chapple, Phyllis Patterson, Llewellyn Johns, Gordon Josie, Gordon Brooks; and each of these speakers evinced both natural ability and acquired talent, holding the interest of the audience throughout the speech. Catherine Elliot, Margaret Chapple, Llewellyn Johns and Gordon Brooks were chosen to speak again in the final contest, in which Catherine Elliot, of Room 22, was awarded the palm of victory.

Catherine ably represented us in the Provincial contest staged in the Walker Theatre, May 13th, and is to be congratulated on her splendid effort on behalf of the school.



C. ELLIOTT

—M.G.A.

Who ran to catch me on the spot,
When I the slightest rule forgot,
Believing and excusing not?

Mr. Knox.

Who lurked beside my desk all day
In hopes that I would disobey,
And some low, whispered word might say?

Mr. Knox.

Who sternly bade me come and go,
Do this, do that, or else forego
The very thing I longed for so?

Mr. Knox.

Who is my bane, my foe, my fear,
Who's always certain to appear
Just when I do not want him near?

Mr. Knox.

—Margaret Chapple.



THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL

"PRIDE goeth before a fall," and this quotation can be applied aptly to the Glee Club. But, as Miss Kinley says, "failure will probably do everyone good"—and then, of course, there is always next year. Some of the individual work, however, was exceedingly well done, and brought great credit to the school. Helen and Louise Templeton are especially noteworthy, since they came first in the intermediate piano duets, an honor which last year they missed by only one or two marks. In the solo classes, although no one came first, there were three seconds, Edna Chapman, Roberta Taylor, and Vera Lamont, and one third, Margaret Norrie.

In the junior duets the girls did remarkably well, Eleanor Bradburn and Martha Setter, Mildred Johnson and Mildred Dudley, and Roberta Taylor and Margaret Norrie, taking first, second and third places; while in the children's duets, Edna Howard and Gwen Fleming came fourth in a class of twenty-six competitors. The trios, both girls' and junior, also came well up in their respective classes, and all the instrumental entries received worth-while marks.

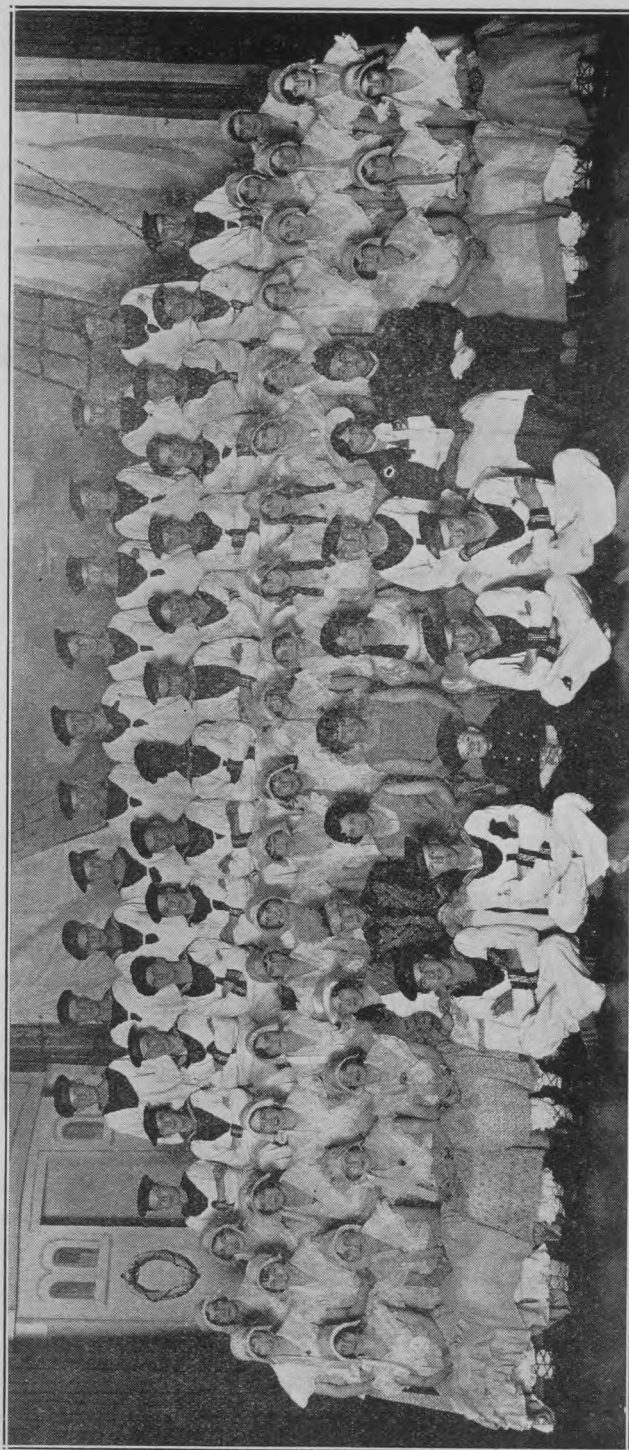
But in the midst of these triumphs, we must not forget our ex-students of last year, Lola Smith and Ethel Hubbard. Lola won the Grade "B" soprano solo, and came second in the Tudor Bowl class, while Ethel again took first place in the girls' soprano solo.

May you all do as well next time.

—Frances Fox.

THE WESTMINSTER GLEE SINGERS

MANY artists from the British Isles have visited Winnipeg in the course of their concert tours, but it may safely be said that of all these the Westminster Glee Singers created the greatest interest in musical circles. These eight men and six boys charmed their audiences and left an impression which will not soon vanish. Their work showed long practice, and exquisite finish, and we feel that singers such as these will do much to raise the standards of music. The programme of Monday, May the seventh, was a most delightful one, and doubly interesting in that encores were given unstintingly. It consisted



The cast of "H.M.S. Pinafore," the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, produced by the Senior Choral Society of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, at the Isaac Brock School, last February.

of part-songs, solos with either instrumental or vocal accompaniments, chorus, unison songs, among which were included the ever popular folk-songs.

The first number, "The Hunt is Up," was very well received, and the boy sopranos were enthusiastically applauded and encored on their rendering of "Where the Bee Sucks," an old English song. The soloists especially, seemed to be appreciated, Charles Draper probably scoring the biggest "hit." His type of voice—baritone—seemed to be the most pleasing and it was very effective in the song "Youth Will Needs have Dalliance." James Barber, James Davis, and Ronald Reid also sang very charmingly and their selections "Wi' a Hundred Pipers," "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes," and "Ye Banks and Braes," were heartily encored. The quartette and chorus work always struck a joyous note, the accompanists adding fresh beauty to each number. Special praise should be given to the boy soloists, Edwin Brazier, who gave, "O For the Wings of a Dove," together with "Orpheus and His Lute," and Lawrence Baldwin, who took part in the quartette "The Forget-Me-Not." The songs, however, that the audiences seemed to enjoy most were the Sailor Shanteys, in which Albert Green did solo work. He had a very pleasing personality, and was recalled four or five times.

Altogether it was a very enjoyable and worthwhile evening, and one which will be remembered for a long time to come.

—F.F.

H.M.S. PINAFORE

ON the first three days of February, a light opera was presented at the Isaac Brock School, by the amalgamated Senior Glee Clubs of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate. (In case you people who have slept all winter don't know.) The opera performed was written by our good friends, Gilbert and Sullivan, former graduates of the Royal Navy, scene shifters and deck-swabbers (?). The play was produced with much gusto and vigor. The Senior Girls' Glee Club took upon themselves the soprano, etc., parts and rendered many pitiful airs (!!). The Senior Boys' Glee Club, however, balanced up this deficit, and sang basso and "barrowtone" (or baritone) much to the delight of the audience, who received their humble offers with eggs, chairs, etc. In spite of these drawbacks, Miss Kinley's splendid conducting, Miss Anderson's dancing instructions, Miss Hickson's efforts in keeping the girls in their places, Mr. Mountford's splendid contribution of scenery, and Mr. Hoole's prompting and last-minute instructions behind stage, all helped to put the opera over with a bang. The cast who helped the chorus out was: The Admiral, Fred Lang; Captain Corcoran, Bill Kibblewhite; Josephine, Hilda Phelps and Mildred Harrison; Cousin Hebe, Vera Lamont; Buttercup, Frances Fox and Audrey McInnes; Ralph Rackstraw, Jack Easterbrook; Bos'n's Mate, Lloyd Bruce; Bosn., Bob Williamson.

—Robt. Williamson, Room 51.

SENIOR GLEE CLUB OFFICERS



Back Row—L. Johns, W. Kibblewhite, B. Williamson, F. Lang, L. Bruce.
Front row—L. Furney, Ruby Orris, M. Mann, C. Crawford, F. Fox.

APRIL MAGIC

Sunlight streaming through the window,
Robin's voice without,
Oh, I am so very happy,
I want to sing and shout!

Sunlight streaming through the window,
Oh, its magic bliss!
It's only in sweet springtime
That its charm is just like this!

Sunlight coming through the window
In a golden stream,
How pure is April sunshine
And how I love its gleam!

Sunshine streaming, robin singing,
Cheery, eery, ee;
Life seems like a living music,
A bubbling melody.

Sunlight streaming through the window,
How I dance about!
Robin, too; skies are blue,
So, I must go out!

—Anna Tempt.

LITERARY

HOROSCOPE OF THE "BREEZES" STAFF

Time—Spring of 1943.

Place—A richly appointed dentist's office.

A business-like young woman stood irresolutely before a closed door, on the glass of which appeared in gilt lettering the name of one "Dr. Robert Paul—Painless Dentist." Finally, screwing up all her courage, she turned the knob of the door, and stepped firmly into the room. At once a white-clad nurse came forward to greet her.

"You have an appointment? Oh yes! Here it is—H. Phelps. The doctor will be finished in just a minute."

The nurse left the room, leaving Miss Phelps to glance around the office. In one corner sat a gentleman—a business man to judge from his appearance. He was seated in a chair which was much too large for him, but nevertheless, he seemed to be enjoying himself, for he was smoking a big, brown cigar. Miss Phelps, who was a reporter, wondered where she had seen him before. Why, of course! It was James McKay, the president of the Toronto Broker's Association. The young woman crossed the room. "I am Miss Hilda Phelps, reporter of the Toronto Star. Could you give me some pointers on how to be a success in business life?"

The man was all flustered. "Yes, indeed, Miss Phelps, I shall be glad to tell you all I can." Then followed his life story. He had lived in Winnipeg. He had no father or mother, and consequently had to work his way through school. But today he was the president of a large corporation. At this moment in the heart-breaking narrative, Miss Phelps was called into the inner room. She seated herself in the dentist's chair, and all went well for a while. But soon she began to drift into unconsciousness. While under the ether, the young reporter seemed to think she was interviewing several prominent people. As some of these talks were especially interesting, we shall set them forth.

It was the Globe Opera House in Toronto. The place was crowded with old and young, rich and poor. At last the curtain rose, and the announcer came forward, "Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight we have with us the greatest baritone soloist in Canada. Let me introduce Mr. William E. Kibblewhite."

The young man blushed modestly, and then began to sing. Such applause was never before given to any opera singer. Strange to say, the song that had the greatest appeal was one of his own composing entitled, "Little Old Red School on Alverstone."

After the opera, Miss Phelps went to her office. There she glanced at a magazine. Among the list of contents was "Poems of Lloyd Rankin, Canada's Greatest Poet." After reading these the young woman looked at another paper. There to her amazement she read "Big New

Series of Comics by America's Best Cartoonist—Leonard Hicks—Get Your Copy Now."

After a delightful (or rather amusing) hour of reading these comics, Miss Phelps went to court. There was to be a trial, and she had been ordered to report the case. The courtroom was crowded to the doors. The prisoner, very downcast in appearance, was in the box. Then Canada's greatest criminal lawyer, Marguerite Ross, K.C., rose. Miss Phelps gazed. Why that famous lawyer was one of her old school chums!

After the trial the reporter went home. She had a hard day's work to do on Monday. She must go to a lecture given by Llewellyn Johns, M.P. This was for the benefit of young orators, as Mr. Johns was himself a brilliant speaker.

Then, too, she had to visit the Toronto University. One of the Professors of English, Miss Margaret Ashley, was running an article in the Toronto Star entitled, "The Student Mind." She must make arrangements with Miss Ashley to continue the articles.

Then our young reporter remembered that she had to interview a famous ediotr. Off she rushed without her supper. As she entered the editor's office, she saw a young woman, who was evidently waiting for an interview. Miss Phelps recognized Miss Frances Fox, leader of the Women's Conservative Party. The two women talked together for several minutes, until the door of the inner office opened, and out came the editor, Miss Cherry Crawford. After an hour's talk with the noted editor, Miss Phelps went home to bed.

The following day being Sunday, our heroine decided to go to church. She had never been to St. Luke's Anglican Church, and so thought she would enjoy a change. Bishop Lloyd Bruce, M.Sc., M.A., Ph.D., D.D., gave a very inspiring sermon. He talked of the waywardness of the younger generation. As he concluded his sermon, the organ began to play.

Miss Phelps came to with a start. Why, where was Bishop Bruce, where the organ, the courtroom, her office, the opera house? Then she saw the dentist's face. Why, of course, it had all been a dream.

A few minutes later, the young woman left the office, needless to say, much happier.

—M. Ross, 22.

—M. Ashley, 56.

GRAND-PERE JOLI

THE little French village of Beaute nestled at the bend of a narrow river in southern France. The inhabitants were not numerous, but the same families had lived the simple, out-door life of the village for many years. Kindliness was their most outstanding characteristic; and people far and near began to honor and respect the peasants for this. Many journeying on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, went out of their way to spend the night in Beaute, where they were always sure of a welcome.

The kindest of all the inhabitants was Grand-pere Joli. He lived

up to the name children called him, and not a finer friend could be found in all France. The rich and poor alike loved him, and a word of praise from his lips was valued more than the praise of a king.

Grand-pere Joli's life, however, was by no means free from trouble and worry. Except for one daughter, Olivine, he had no living relatives. They had lived happily together, even after Olivine married. Before many years had passed, her husband died, leaving Olivine with a little daughter Yvonne, to care for. Still another change came into their lives. One night Olivine flew into a fit of rage over some trivial matter, and taking Yvonne, set out on foot for the home of her mother-in-law. There she was badly received, but try as he might, for two long years, Grand-pere Joli could not locate the two he loved so well.

One day a crusader brought news of the tragic death of Olivine, and the disappearance of Yvonne. The news crushed the old man. He shut himself up in his little home. No longer could people go to him for sympathy; no longer could the blind beggar, or the lame dog expect food or tender care. The man who had loved all, now hated the sound of a human voice, and the sight of a neighbor's face. For several months the peace and joy of Beaute were marred.

One day Grand-pere Joli set out in a round about way for the shore of his much loved river. He had gone only a short distance when he happened to glance over by the roadside. There, to his surprise, a small girl, clad in beggar's clothes, lay sleeping peacefully, her head resting against a huge dog, who appeared to be keeping watch over her. Grand-pere Joli gasped in amazement. He had seen many beggars in his day, but never a child, who had obviously been travelling a long way, and whose sole companion was a dog.

The old man tip-toed nearer. Then he gave a cry of joy. It was Yvonne! Joy transfigured the face of Grand-pere Joli. Tenderly he lifted the child in his still strong arms, and bore her triumphantly home.

The townspeople rejoiced. The story of how, on her death bed Olivine had told Yvonne the way to Beaute, was told and retold. Peace and joy once again made the people of the town as happy and kindly as before.

—Evelyn Moir.

MR. HARRY IRVINE ON SHAKESPEARE

ABOUT the middle of last March the National Council of Education brought to Winnipeg Mr. Harry Irvine, who, as our readers probably know, is one of the world's foremost authorities on Shakespeare. Those who missed his wonderful lecture at St. Stephen's Church, regardless of how much they have heard about it, can have only a very faint conception of their loss.

Mr. Irvine is extremely well qualified for this work, for, being a graduate of Oxford, we cannot imagine his being without a student's knowledge of Shakespeare, and, being an ex-actor, he must also be acquainted with him from that angle. Obviously it would be difficult to find a man more capable in this line of work.

He first told us that it was his principal desire, in his lecture that

evening, to bring Shakespeare before us as a man, and to eradicate the impression that he was a genius whose works were to be placed in a prominent place in a library, and left to gather dust. He succeeded wonderfully, partly by the obvious method of relating something of the great dramatist's humble youth, but, we think, chiefly by the more novel device of telling us the circumstances connected with the writing of his first play, "Love's Labour Lost."

Mr. Irvine seemed to favour "Othello" above Shakespeare's other works, and he gave some good reasons for doing so. Happily for the Grade XI. students present, considerable time was spent on "Hamlet." His opinion that Hamlet is not a philosopher may be of interest to some of the inmates of the D.M.C.I. Several other of the more outstanding plays, including comedy, history, and tragedy, were discussed.

Mr. Irvine frequently recited long speeches, besides giving many minor quotations, from the plays reviewed. This was done with great effect, for he was able to bring into play the acting ability which he spent a considerable period of his life in acquiring. We must confess that during the recitation of Mark Anthony's famous speech over Caesar's body, we were momentarily transported to ancient Rome, and were genuinely startled on coming back to real life.

We confidently believe that some hundreds of Winnipeg citizens and students learned more of Shakespeare during that evening than they knew before, and if Mr. Irvine ever comes back to our city with the purpose of lecturing, we think that he may count on seeing most of his last audience again.

—H. Johnson.

IS THE WORLD GETTING WORSE?

NO! Why should it be? As far as I can see neither the younger generation nor the older generation is showing any sign of physical or mental decay. Life is continuing its serene, inevitable course with perhaps only a little more excitement than before. One small portion of the world that is evil cannot corrupt the whole universe, and such things as petting parties should not be considered indications of permanent degradation. Why, older people, themselves, admit that they can remember when "Underneath the Mellow Moon," "two were company." Was not this the beginning of what has just gone a little farther today? Of course! Life is primarily just the same now as it was then, and whatever changes there are will in time, together with other past history, fade into the background, and fresh worries will appear to vex the minds of pessimists.

The faults of the world, as most people view them, seem to be concentrated in the large cities. Crime, as reported in the newspapers, is no doubt appalling and the lurid details certainly lose nothing in the telling, but, should you judge a whole city from its worst aspect? Let us consider, for a moment, Chicago—that much maligned American city. Can you judge the standards of its population by the misdeeds of a few individuals? Will "Big Bill Thompson" be just a comet or

will he become a lasting star? Every age had its radicals, but the question is, do they ever reach any permanent goal of achievement? Do they impress themselves on the minds of the people? As a rule—no—yet, to compensate for each of these extremists there can be found thousands of loving, hard-working men and women who are struggling valiantly and quietly to perpetuate the maxim “Nil nisi bonum.”

After all, what exactly do people mean when they say the world is getting worse? Do they mean that the morals are degenerating? Daily, youth is giving up its so-called pleasures in obedience to the dictates of experience. Love of home and parents is the strongest tie on earth, and how many young people are really severing this bond of affection so that they may go their own “sweet way?” There may be subterfuges and evasions, yet the fundamentals, if deeply rooted, will remain sound.

You may argue that “in days of yore” people went to church regularly every Sunday. Do not the majority still attend? Are not the numbers of new denominations springing up indications of a broad-minded, deep-thinking, and religious race? Even if you do not attend every Sabbath, can you not, to a certain extent, worship God in the great out-of-doors? It is the spirit that counts, and Nature is God’s masterpiece given to his people for their enjoyment.

In this last century—and indeed it could be applied to all periods in history—there has been great dissatisfaction concerning new customs and inventions. It is curious to see how easily the world can be swayed by popular opinion. As one innovation after another is introduced each one is invariably repudiated, yet, after a time, it becomes regarded as indispensable. The automobile, for instance, is an example of this curious fact. Who, at first, would ride in a “horseless carriage?” Now, nine-tenths of the world have “cars” and the other tenth is contemplating the purchase of a “Lizzie”—the starting post of all autoists. Soon the ever-increasing popularity of the aeroplane will cause a fresh outburst of apprehension. Then magically, ‘planes will be included in the everyday routine of affairs. “Thus the whirligig of time brings in his changes,” and

“Meet it if changes should control
Our being lest we rest in ease,
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.”

Will anyone ever be quite satisfied with conditions as they are? There will always be those who disagree, and therefore the world will never be perfect.

Then, too, cannot people see the vast improvements in foreign lands—China, Japan, India, and others? Could a world which is getting worse produce scholars and statesmen who are startling the world with their knowledge of international affairs? These oriental countries are by no means perfect, but notice how far they have progressed within the last century. Because there are reports of rebellion and civil war in certain districts, people say that China and India are “undesirable.” They judge the whole by a unit. Does the book “Mother India”—so severely criticized by some—advance or delay improvements in India?

Does or does not the modern dress of Chinese women show a healthful reaction towards antique and heathen customs?

All phases of the subject must be taken into consideration. Every country has its good and its bad, yet there always has been and there probably always will be a greater proportion of the good than of the bad. But why do some people judge only from the evil they see? They do not seem to notice the good at all, and therefore they denounce everything as wicked. Why do they not see the millions of good, honest, painstaking people? Why do they not also judge from them? Why?

—Frances Fox.

A FEW HISTORICAL GLIMPSES

“WILL you write something about Russia?” the editor of the School paper asked. I promised. Now, what is most important about any land? Is it not the people? However, before writing about Russians I must explain that I do not wish to deny my own “kith and kin” and leave the impression that I am writing of my own nation. It is not so. Russia, as we know, has many different national groups. One of these is the Mennonites, a German-Dutch group, to which I belong. If the honoured staff of our “Breezes” allows, I should like to say something about our own people.

Our Mennonite forefathers were called by Katherine the Great, in order to cultivate the wild steppes near the Crimean peninsula. Grass, man-high, covered the land, and wild Tartar tribes used to hover in these natural hiding-places. Many a merchant, compelled to pass this region on his way to the southern ports of the Black Sea, never saw his northern home again.

Our ancestors knew the hardships and persecutions, in many lands, such as Holland, Switzerland, Poland, and Germany, for whenever they were not allowed to live according to their own faith and conviction, they looked forward to a home in a new land. Katherine the Great's call was accepted by a large group. Facing difficulties, but rejoicing in religious freedom and certain civil rights, they began their task. Although compelled to wander, the Mennonites have always loved the soil. Their hands moved the ploughshare, but their hearts and minds were never satisfied with material things, so long as they themselves were true to the highest spiritual ideals which had called their community into existence. May they long remain so!

Their work in Russia was crowned with success. Prosperous colonies grew up on the Molotchnaja (Milky River), on the banks of the Dnieper, and on several other rivers. Prosperity and education began to spread rapidly. Then came the last war, and the Revolution that followed. All Russia suffered, and our people not the least. Their situation became complicated. National, social, moral and religious conflicts were the order of the day. Everywhere was opposition; nothing was considered sacred. Their position became so critical, that if it were at all possible, they left the land “to seek a kinder shore.”

Inspired by love and solidarity, their brethren, the Canadian Men-

nonites, most of whom were previous immigrants from Russia, opened their hearts to help their kinsmen from across the ocean. The Canadian Pacific Company, too, agreed to furnish the transportation on credit, without material security. Now we are in Canada, the land of great possibilities and great tolerance, still recognizing "God, our help in ages past, our hope in years to come." May we appreciate the privileges of this new land and do our duty toward it.

Returning to my original subject, I should like to tell you first about the Ukraine and its people. The Ukrainians live close to the soil and have a natural love for music and poetry. Driving the ox-cart, they sing their weary, melancholy tunes, the syllables of which are as long and wide, as the grass-covered prairies, surrounding them. Although hundreds of years of oppression have put a stamp of sadness upon their disposition, nevertheless, some of their songs are rapid and joyous. Their villages also are cosy and full of charm. Early in the spring time, the small, straw-thatched huts are nearly buried by the cherry blossoms. The people themselves dress in gay colors and gather together at evening times, the young singing and playing to the sound of the harmonica.

The Russian people, as a whole, are open-hearted and good-natured. When travelling on a train, for example, they do not sit silent and dignified, but soon a lively conversation shortens the otherwise long journey. The Russians are very hospitable. If one had an opportunity to accept the hospitality of a true Russian, he would feel himself very much at ease and at home. An air of comfort would surround the "samovar," whose boiling would produce a humming of various melodies on the table of the friendly Russian.

The educated Russians are very reflective. They can spend hours and hours debating or revealing their deepest thoughts and ideas. They also show a great appreciation of art. The picture gallery of Tretliakoff in Moscow has a great value from the artistic point of view. Moreover, the wonderful choirs in the Russian churches are well worth mentioning. The Russians have many folk-songs and ballads; they have also a distinct classical literature, developed since the eighteenth century. The philosophical and artistic elements are prominent. Some of the outstanding writers are Pushkin (poet), Germentov (lyrist), Turgenieff, Dostoevsky and many others.

The Russians are very emotional, capable of the noblest acts, but they lack strength and consistency of character. The religion, presented to the masses, has been too vague, and is incapable of enlightening them in the true sense of the word. Education has been the privilege of a small percentage only. The whole literature bears the mark of unquestionable sadness and pessimism.

One of the Russian critics has said: "No one can measure Russia by tape-line, no one can understand her by intellect, one can only believe in her."

Yes, let us believe that Russia has not yet shown of what her people are capable; let us still believe in a Divine plan with the Russian nation, as a link in the great chain of the human race.

—Agnes Willms, Room 58.

THE PUPIL'S PROGRESS

(With Apologies to Bunyan)

I DREAMED a dream, and behold, I saw a young man clothed in the garments of this age, standing in a certain place, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. As I looked, I saw him open the book, and read therein, and as he read, he wept and trembled, and at last he brake out with a sorrowful cry, saying: "What shall I do?"

In this state, therefore, he went home, and restrained himself as long as he could, that his parents might not perceive his misery. At length he did brake his mind to them, saying, "Oh! woe is me. For tomorrow is the day of School Opening, and when I do think of the long journey which I will have that I may reach the Goal, I am filled with distress. Alas!" And he went up to his room to spend a worrisome night.

When the morning was come, Student (for that was his name) set out with his face toward the east. In his hands were many books. As he journeyed, a young man caught up with him whose name was Punctuality.

"Haste thee!" said Punctuality unto him, "for it is now ten minutes to nine and we may not be late for fear of one Detention." So saying, he passed him by.

After a time, Student came to a building, over the door of which were inscribed the words, "Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute." In the building were many Corridors and Rooms. First did Student go to the door of a smaller room upon which was printed "Office." He gained entrance here, and began to talk with the master of that place, whose name was Principal. He said unto Student, "Verily I say unto thee, it would be most unwise to cease thy study of Latin, on account of Honor Matriculation which thou dost hope to have by next June." Then he did say further, "Thou mayst rid thyself of the burden High School Work, which is upon thy back, if thou wilt use these weapons, Attention in Class and Homework, which I shall give unto thee. These will truly aid thee in thy journey to the Goal." Then Student gave him many thanks and took leave of him. He then went on with his journey.

Now not far off was the Slough of Despond which men called Chemistry. As he journeyed, Student took from his pocket a Pencil and wrote in large letters on his book, "Poison" and "This is not Love." Being not watchful of the mire Student fell in. He was unable to get himself out because of the burden on his back, and was like to remain in this slough for some time, when one Persistency came and helped him out.

So these two went on together for a time until they found themselves at the foot of the Hill of Difficulty, named Mathematics Mountain. With many groans they gained the middle of the hill where was a resting place. In this place they entered into combat with the giant Inaccuracy, who was lord of that hill. Now was Student very grateful

for the weapons which had been given him, for with the help of these he killed the giant, and they journeyed on.

They had not gone far when they met Talkative and Popular, who made themselves of their company. As they walked, they talked of many things which had to do with School Life.

"Talkative: "Wasn't thou at the Field and Track meet last Monday?"

Student: "Truly, that is a foolish question. Am I not loyal to the school? It maketh me to rave that our School scored not first."

Popular: "Why, do not we know that every man cannot wear the crown? A Sportsman hopes for Better Luck next time."

Student: "Thou speakest wisely. By the way, whom didst thou have with thee the other night?"

Popular: "I was with the damsel, Flapper. She has said that she will go to Senior Dance with me."

As he spake they neared the Valley of Humiliation, (known as English), where they suffered greatly at the hands of the evil ones there, Oral Composition and Memorization. Popular and Talkative put to use their good swords Oratory and Concentration, whereby the evil ones were vanquished.

Now their way was smooth until they came to another great valley, wherein the ogre Latin abided in a cave not far from where they were, whose wives were Grammar and Composition. He rode out to meet Student and his fellows, who became sore afraid when they perceived him coming, for he was awful to behold. Latin slew Popular and Talkative with one mighty blow from his club Scansion. After a long battle, Student and Persistency overcame the ogre and went on their way, all the while mourning the death of Talkative and Popular.

After a time Student and Persistency fell into the clutches of Giant French, who beat them cruelly, and threw them into prison. Then was Student full of woes until he freed himself and his friend with the key, Interest.

Then they went on for a length of time until they came to the Delectable Mountains, where they found many things of great interest, such as Sports, Dramatics, Glee Club, Orchestra and Debates. And they got much benefit and pleasure from these things.

So many, many days passed wherein good Student and Persistency met with friend and foe alike. Student was also filled with joy upon discovering that his great burden had diminished, like unto the mists melting away, until now it was vanished altogether. At length they come to the great River of Final Examinations, which in crossing they were like to drown. But after much struggle in the waters, they came out at the other side and were received with great joy upon the shining shore Success. For they had reached the Goal.

So I awoke, and behold, it was a dream.

(We take very much pleasure in printing the above story, written by a former Grade XII. student, Norma Sharpe. It took 1st Prize in a Short Story Contest carried on by the London Collegiate paper.)

OUT OF SCHOOL LIFE INTO LIFE'S SCHOOL

"ALL the World's a stage, and all men and women merely players."

So said Shakespeare, for he was a dramatist. It is a tendency of the human being to measure Life through the medium of his own occupation. "We human beings ride on a train of moods through glass houses, and, as we pass through these many colored caverns and caves, we look out upon the world and view the works and worths of others, and everything seems to take on the hue of our own glass houses."

The student as he steps forth from the school, thinks of life, into which he emerges as only another school. In the years of his minority he has learned how to amass knowledge. This is the occupation of school life.

As the school door closes behind him for the last time, he passes into Life's school, where experience is the head teacher, Opportunity the bell-ringer, Public Opinion the merit-giver, and Service to Curriculum; and here he learns to apply knowledge.

In Life's school, enterprise and loyalty will discover Opportunity, where inability and indifference see but a chance for the other fellow. If you would find real Opportunity, look into your own head and heart. Most people have been taught to watch and wait for the time at which they might apply their knowledge, and this watching and waiting has proven to be the abuse of ambition and curse of courage.

To recognize Opportunity and know what to do is wisdom. To know how to do it is skill, but to do the thing as it should be done, is service. So let us one and all take a firm stand on the solid rock of service and build a foundation of usefulness, so that when we enter Life's school, every day will offer some opportunity to attract our ability and ambition. Thus the voyage from the tides of school life to the rough waters of Life's school shall be tranquil and successful.

—Roy Caven, Room 8.

—Charles Mann, Room 13.



ME AND MY SHADOW

NEW YEAR'S MORN

One morn the list'ning angels heard
The bells of New Year true,
And smiling sent the snowflakes down
To make this old world new.

Each little snowflake—oh, so small!
One little spot made bright;
And smil'd until the earth smiled, too,
In silence pure and white.

—Margaret Chapple, Room 24.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of "Breezes."

A copy of the December edition of the "Breezes" was wafted to me through the kindness of the very able editor of the present year, and I have just been perusing it again for the "umpteenth" time as it were. You know, the influence and associations of one's collegiate days are not easily erased, and to the ex-student, any items of interest connected with the Alma Mater are always very welcome.

Perhaps some of the students now in attendance at the Daniel McIntyre are not aware of the fact that just four years ago an attempt was made at getting out a paper which would be strictly a Daniel McIntyre publication. During the first two years it was edited under the name of the "Mercury," but last year, after much discussion, it was decided that the name be changed to the one used in the old Central Collegiate days—"Breezes."

The editorial staff of this year's paper is certainly to be congratulated! Surely much time and thought must have been devoted to the assembling and arranging of the many excellent contributions from the various rooms. These contributions bespeak the fact that a keen interest and desire for the progress of the paper is being shown by the entire school. Judging by the standard which the paper has reached, I agree with the editor that the "Breezes" is as yet a sufficient medium of expression for the school.

Not only to the staff is praise due, but throughout the pages of the paper the several articles contributed by the students, both in prose and verse, give ample evidence that the literary lights of Canada will soon have to look to their laurels.

Shirely Hehn,
Editor-in-Chief, 1926-27.

c/o F. D. Brooks, R.R. No. 5,
Brandon, Man., May 14th, 1928.

Dear Editor of the Breezes:

How rather strange that your "Breezes" should reach me away out here. But they did, last week, whispering such an unexpected request that I was quite at a loss for a time.

In glancing over your December issue of last year, I can see several changes. You have so many more "Buddin' Poets" than we had; or, perhaps you have the greater knack of being able to get them to contribute. One especially, "Out of School Life into Life's School," interested me, though I wondered if the boys had already found out those truths or were just imagining. You have, too, a number of quite original room write-ups; which add, oh so much, to the paper.

I wonder, now, if you know or would care to know the very humble origin of your present, flourishing school paper; would you?

Really, it was more by good luck than good management that I was

the editor of the first school paper at Daniel McIntyre. When three of us were elected staff for a paper, it was simply a grade twelve class paper we were to produce. This we did in November, mimeographed copies for the room under the title of "The 58 Howl."

To our surprise, but delight, other parts of the school showed an unusual interest, many coming to us wishing to procure copies. This is probably what encouraged us to try something bigger. We constituted a self-appointed staff for a school paper and got busy, with the result that in February we produced a larger paper, a first school paper, with the name "Mercury," which it held for a year or two. We had no difficulty in getting rid of all the copies we had—they were still mimeographed.

It was early in the year yet, and we aspired to higher things. Consequently we added several to our staff from various rooms, to produce a "Souvenir Number" for the last of the term. We were getting along by leaps and bounds, for this time we had a cover with scroll title and original drawing, besides a page of pen sketches and another of illustrated jokes; more news, too.

It doesn't seem so much now, but at the time we were well pleased with the success of the first year of the Daniel McIntyre school paper.

I still have copies of those first three papers, all of which are like Souvenir Numbers to me now as I look back to them.

You editors since the years 1924-25 have done exactly what we hoped you would do. You have carried on—you have held the Torch high—you have produced better papers as time went on. May your second edition this year be the best yet.

Sincerely yours,

Luella Sprung,

Editor-in-Chief, 1924-25

Dear Fellow Students:

On behalf of the Senior Council and myself, I wish to thank you for the splendid support you have given us in the last year. Throughout the year we had tried our utmost to carry out the desires of you all. I am very much pleased to say that in all undertakings we have had the firm and sympathetic support of Mr. Campbell and the rest of the staff.

Students, those who are going out into the world and others who are extending their education in colleges and universities, I hope that you will all succeed in your respective lines and I wish you all the very best success.

Thanking you all again for the splendid support you have given us, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Robert Alexander,

President of Senior Council.

EXCHANGES

What others say about "The Breezes":

"**The Oracles**": "A refreshing breeze from the West. We admire your pluck in the face of adverse criticism."

"**Hermes**": "You have good humour and form news."

"**The Periscope**": "You have a very good magazine and we find no fault with it. We liked especially your editorial, 'Whither Away.'"

* * *

We are glad to acknowledge the following:

1. "**The Periscope**," Bridgewater, Mass.

You seem to have a small school, and the "Periscope" is exceptional in material and arrangement. We liked the idea of serials and your poetry shows great talent. The sports are well reported, but we suggest more room news and jokes.

2. "**The Magnet**," Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto, Ont.

Your book is far ahead in ability and material. Some articles are a little pedantic, but the stories show originality. School activities are well written up and "Le Departement Francais" is unusual and clever. Altogether, almost a model paper, although the editorials were not enlightening or inspired.

3. "**The Oracle**," Woodstock, Ont.

Here is another exceptional paper. The letters from ex-grads. were very interesting, and are a feature we hope to use. It is a new and splendid idea to print the Valedictory. The prize stories were fairly good, and again school sports and activities were reported in a breezy, journalistic style. Your humour is almost entirely original, and your advertising should enable you to pay for a great many cuts.

4. "**The Hermes**," Humberstone, Toronto, Ont.

Your cover is strikingly attractive, and your editorials well above the average. The editor's convention news was of keen interest to us. Your literary department is well arranged, and the poetry of Henry Noyes is undoubtedly worthy of his namesake, "Alfred."

5. "**L.C.C.I. Review**," London, Ont.

We liked your short, pithy editorials, and the block-prints are indeed unique and charming. Your exchange column is very extensive—that comes, I suppose, with age. We were exceedingly proud to see that the first prize senior short story was written by one of our former pupils, Norma Sharpe, and we are re-printing it with her permission.

6. "**The Torch**," St. John's High School, Winnipeg.

We see that you have become a real four-page newspaper. This is an interesting experiment, and the idea of using the prize-winning speech as an editorial is an excellent one.

7. "**K**," Kelvin Technical High School, Winnipeg.

We were glad to receive your Year Book. Your school activities have been well written up, and your photographs and short stories are exceptional. Your editorials leave room for improvement.

8. "**Collegiate**," Sarnia, Ont.

Your editorials are interesting in showing school life. Your poetry is remarkable for High School students, and your essays are also well done.

—Cherry Crawford, Room 58.

WINNING SENIOR DEBATORS

ISABELLE CRAIG AND MARGARET McKELVIE.

INTER-ROOM DEBATES

ONE of the most interesting contests waged this year with Daniel McIntyre as the battlefield, was that of the inter-room debates. This is an innovation in the Collegiate, and one that appears to be highly successful. It is to be hoped that it will be continued next year.

The majority of debates were held during the noon hours, and judging by the number of students who remained at the school for lunch, or who returned early (?) on debating days, they appeared to hold a high place in popular favor.

Room 53 is to be congratulated on the winning of the final argument by its two clever and interesting debaters, Margaret McKelvie and Isabelle Craig, who proved to be an unbeatable team. Praise is also due Cherry Crawford and Willis Wheatley, who presented an exceptionally good defense of the statement under discussion, "Resolved that residential schools are better for the pupils than public schools."

Congratulations to those who introduced inter-room debates to Daniel McIntyre. Keep up the good work.

—M.G.A.



SPORT NEWS

UPON looking back over the term that is now rapidly drawing to a close, we see that on the boys' side athletics had by no means a banner year. The bearers of our colors failed to win one championship, while St. John's and Kelvin fairly well split them between themselves. In all probability our endeavours are being followed by a losing streak, which will not last, but which will disappear as quickly as it came. In the meantime, let us struggle valiantly, for sooner or later, success is bound to attend our efforts.

At last! Rugby football has become a recognized fixture on the Collegiate sport programme. Its introduction last fall, judging by the support given, stamps it as highly popular with the student body. Our squad was organized late in the season, but in spite of this, they showed talent, and aptness in their play. They went down to defeat twice, the score in both cases being 1-0. In Mr. Madden they have an able coach, who in the future will help greatly to forward the new enterprise.

The basketball games in both divisions were of the highest calibre. In the Intermediate section, our aggregation acquitted itself exceedingly well, but lost the final game to Kelvin by a one point margin. As they were without the use of a school gymnasium their success reflects much credit on them. Better things will be looked for from them next year, as they will be practically intact. The Seniors put up many sterling battles which close scores show, but of the latter, they always annexed the short end. However, they were composed of excellent material and fell short only in team work, through lack of playing together. St. John's Seniors repeated their last year's performances by winning first place.

The annual swimming relay race was won by Kelvin with a wide margin. McIntyre crossed the line third. This competition does not receive as much support as it should in the high schools, as it is only one event for them in an outside contest. Perhaps in the future a swimming meet will be held on the same plan as the field day. This would create more interest along that line.

The championship of the speed-skating races was not decided, for, by points, all schools were tied. St. John's and Kelvin each secured a first and a third, while winged "C" skaters performed consistently with two seconds. This left all three with a four point sum.

The hockey shield went to Kelvin for the second successive time.

Their team, which became city champions, never lost a contest. McIntyre, with only one victory, took cellar position.

The baseball has so far gone very well for us. Wesley was trimmed to the tune of 5 to 4, while the contest with Kelvin ended in a 6 all draw. Who can tell but that "jinx" will be broken, and that the baseball championship will be brought to rest at Daniel McIntyre? Every success is extended to the "nine."

In closing we add a note of the next field day. A school's success in this depends to a large extent upon the condition of the contestants. We ask those who intend to take part next October to keep fit during the summer and thus our Collegiate will have a better chance of opening the term by bringing home the coveted track and field shield.

—W. Kibblewhite.

INTER-HIGH INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL TEAM



Standing—H. Penwarden, M. Sprung, Timlick.

Sitting—J. Easterbrooks, J. Dods, Mr. Morgan (coach), O. Johnston, B. Dodds.

VOLLEYBALL

Our girls have made a very good showing in sports this year. Volleyball was very successful, especially in the Junior Class. The Seniors also did well.

Junior Team scores:

D.M.C.I., 53—St. John's, 26.

D.M.C.I., 52—St. John's, 16.

D.M.C.I., 42—Kelvin, 31.

D.M.C.I., 33—Kelvin, 39.

Senior Team scores:

D.M.C.I., 30—St. John's, 44.

D.M.C.I., 42—St. John's, 53.

D.M.C.I., 24—Kelvin, 53.

D.M.C.I., 37—Kelvin, 30.

The last game was the most exciting of the series. The score was a tie with Kelvin, when one girl scored eight points in succession, bringing up to the lead.

Inter-room games have been played during the noon-hour. Room 58 won every game. The referees were: Martha Setter, Room 47; Mary Mulligan, Room 21; Theresa Diner, Room 53; Elizabeth Morganstein, Room 24; Shirely Clapham, Room 49.

—Marguerite Ross, Room 22.

SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Back Row—L. Dector, M. Setter, M. Ruxton, C. Miller, I. McNutt.

Front Row—E. Stephenson, M. Mulligan, M. Marks.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—E. Stephenson, B. Braid, N. Doyle, L. Decter.
Sitting—L. Johnston, C. Dunsmore, B. Ballantyne.

SKATING

This year there was comparatively little interest taken in the skating races. Nevertheless, our girls managed to come second, with Kelvin only a few yards ahead. The team was as follows: Ruth Galbraith, Room 22; Clemency Dunsmore, Room 58; Beverly Dunsmore, Room 12; Ruth Johnson, Room 11; and Mildred Armstrong, Room 61. Let us hope that next year D.M.C.I. will be as well represented.

—Marguerite Ross, Room 22.

BASEBALL

Boys rarely are much good, but they certainly do come in handy to ump. baseball games. Therefore, we must thank all the boys who were kind enough to stay at noon and referee our games. We have not yet started to choose the school teams, but there is no doubt but that when we do, they will be two strong teams, and we hope to win the inter-school championship.

INTER-HIGH SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—L. Hicks, P. Haines, W. Kibblewhite, N. Johnson.
Sitting—T. Crayston, K. Sprung, Mr. Morgan (coach), B. Alexander,
I. Rosenstock.

BASKETBALL

Rooms 58, 21 and 19, 52 are the leaders in our inter-room basketball league. Rooms 21 and 19 defeated Room 52 in the semi-final. These noon hour games were refereed by Helen McLellan (56), Lillian Decter (19), Marjorie Miller (56), Clemency Dunsmore (58), Cathryn Miller (55), and Marguerite Ross (22).

JUNIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Standing—Edna Mason, Evelyn King, Doris Leaney, Thelma Hudson, Minnie Hantscharuk, Hilda Dector, Jean Cusack, Clemency Dunsmore.
Sitting—Theresa Diner.

In the final, Room 58 defeated Rooms 21 and 19.

Our school basketball team practiced hard and did our school justice in the inter-high games. The line-up is:

1. Clemency Dunsmore—Captain and capable forward. Good all round sport.

2. Ruth Galbraith—A splendid jump. Strong at guarding. Fine forwarding.

3. Nora Doyle—Wonderful jump, but not sure at forwarding. Handy defense man.

4. Lillian Decter—Strong forward. All round good basketball player.

5. Beth Ballantyne—The coolest player in the team. A fine defence player.

6. Beulah Braid—Remarkably swift and light on her feet. Plays defence almost gracefully (if basketball can be played gracefully).

7. Emma Stephenson—A snappy player, also light on her feet. A quick, all round player.

8. Laura Johnson—A good emergency forward. An all round sport.

—M. Ross, 22.

INTER-HIGH HOCKEY TEAM



Back Row—D. Cooke, E. Bratton, Abbot O. Johnson, F. Cancilla, L. Stone.
Front Row—W. Kibblewhite, W. Cook, C. Johnstone, B. Glusman, B. Stanick.

INTER-HIGH FOOTBALL TEAM


Standing—P. Hayden, B. Shaddick, W. Kibblewhite, B. Stanick, P. Haines,
I. Glusman.
Sitting—N. Johnson, H. Penwarden, B. Glusman, Mr. McLeod (coach),
O. Johnson, J. Easterbrooke, L. Stone.

BREATHING AND HOT AIR

Note—After a good deal of trouble and persuasion, Professor Bruce, of Room 51, managed to get the following past the editor and into the paper. It is submitted with pride by the professor, but with apologies by the “Breezes.”

* * *

Have you ever noticed how a person breathes? The chest rises and falls, rises and falls, then rises and falls, (insufficient room here to tell how many times it rises and falls). It goes up and down just like the stock market, all by itself, with no hose attachments or force pumps. Ask your teacher to tell you about force pumps.

In your spare time, go and watch the baby when he is asleep. He doesn't know what he is doing and he isn't interested. He won't stop breathing though, unless you put corks in his nose, and then he'd probably blow them out. If you were to awaken him and say: “Pardon me, baby, but you are breathing,” he would look surprised and say: “Goo!” He does it without thinking. Get your teacher to tell you how thoughtless babies are.

Inside each of us there is a pair of patented bellows for breathing when we are asleep. When this machine becomes too noisy, someone socks you or stuffs a pillow in your face. Don't think you're smart just

because you can breathe. Almost anybody can do it. Ask your teacher if he can breathe; then ask him how long he can hold his breath without cheating.

When you're swimming in the ocean, and you dive under water, you don't dare take a breath. This is because the salt water makes you thirsty, and it would be terrible to be thirsty under the water. Just imagine how thirsty you would get if you had hay fever under the water.

Air is found in lots of places, such as toy balloons, teachers, council members, and answers on examination papers. When you take a deep breath of sweet, pure, grade A air, your patent bellows use up the oxygen, and when they expel carbon dioxide, even your best friend won't speak to you. Get your teacher to tell you how hot "examination air" is.

It is fortunate for us that we don't have to be reminded to take a breath. Forgetful people and absent-minded professors would soon suffocate. To prevent this, many "free air" stations are to be found in the city. Ask your teacher to show you an experiment in suffocating.

Questions: (1) Are you self-conscious when you breathe? (2) What would happen if we breathed out other compounds of carbon such as carbon paper? (3) Try snoring at night, in church, under water.

INTER-HIGH RUGBY TEAM



Standing—K. Sprung, B. Williamson, T. Crayston, Mr. Madden (coach), G. Cain, C. Johnstone, L. Hicks.

Sitting—B. Stanick, B. Swan, N. Johnson, L. Bruce, L. Stone, W. Cook.
Front Row—J. Easterbrooke, H. Richards. J. Palmason (missing).

**MANITOBA
SPEED CHAMPION
(Intermediate)**



Miss Chrissie Bromley

To Miss Bromley has come the honor of winning last year's Novice Speed Championship and this year's Intermediate Speed Championship. Her net speed this year was 75.5 words per minute.

**MANITOBA
ACCURACY CHAMPION
(Novice)**



Miss Florence Cooke

Miss Cooke won the Novice Accuracy Championship for Manitoba with a percentage of accuracy of 99.83. She made only one error in a fifteen minute test.

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INDIVIDUAL
INSTRUCTION

ALL-CANADA ACCURACY CHAMPION (Intermediate)



Mr. Frank N. Cohen

For the first time in the history of Typing Contests a Canadian Typewriting Championship has come to Winnipeg. This honor was won by Mr. Cohen with a percentage of Accuracy of 99.82 and a speed of 73.5 words per minute.

MANITOBA SPEED CHAMPION (Novice)



Miss Lottie Rosenblat

The Novice Contest is open to students who commenced their training after August 1st, 1927. Miss Rosenblat won this Championship with a net speed of 55.7 words per minute.

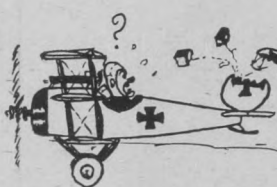
EX-GRAD. WINS "U" SCHOLARSHIP

Leslie Cannon, a 1927 graduate of this Collegiate, has added further honors to his list by winning a scholarship in Arts in his first year at the University of Manitoba. Last year Leslie won an Isbister Scholarship and the Governor-General's Medal for proficiency in school activities, which will be presented at the present closing exercises. We sincerely wish him every success in the future.

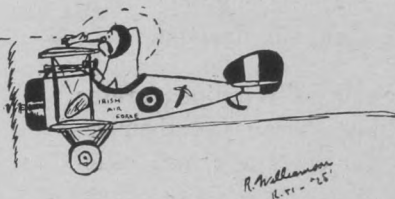


LESLIE CANNON

Mention should be made also of Anne Nemenoff, a graduate of 1926. Anne won an Isbister scholarship in 1926, and now, in her second year in University, has repeated the achievement, and of Clifford Hjaltalin, who also won a scholarship. Congratulations!



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ROOM RUMORS

ROOM 6

Room 6 had a fast and furious debate during the month of March. There were six debaters: Queenie Hunter, Phyllis Clancy, Eileen Boles, Phyllis Duxbury, Margaret Magnusson, and Evelyn Gregg. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that the world is growing better." After each side had presented its argument, the class, acting as "honorable judges," awarded the decision to the affirmative. However, the result was very close, the votes being 14 to 13.

—M.M.

ROOM 7

Room 7 wishes to thank Miss Douglas for the very enjoyable afternoon we spent at her home on Wednesday, December 18th, 1927. There were about twenty-five girls present.

When all had arrived, each one of the girls had to give some form of entertainment. Among these was Dorothy Paulin's dancing of the "Californian Shuffle." Some of the others danced also, to the accompaniment played by Clara Drew.

At five-thirty refreshments were served. Then the girls danced again, and soon we all left for home. On leaving everyone expressed thanks for the very enjoyable time they had spent that afternoon.

—W.W.

ROOM 8

Room 8 is one of the greatest athletic rooms in the Collegiate. The following is a list of the members on the various teams:

Baseball—Wilfred Cook.

Basketball—Wilfred Cook.

Speed-skating—Wilfred Cook.

Hockey—Wilfred Cook.

Rugby—Wilfred Cook.

Soccer—Wilfred Cook.

Track Team—Wilfred Cook.

Volleyball—Wilfred Cook.

—R.P.

ROOM 10

Room 10 has in its sanctuary several well-known and popular young men and women. Who, indeed, would not agree with us in this matter, when they recall such personalities as Bob Swan, the "Populor President," and Geoffrey Wilson, our "Capable Secretary."

We regret the loss of the fellowship of such students as Alex Gerard, Maynard Edwards (the late Breezes' representative), Isabel Doggett and Marion Evans, who have entered the business world, also Roddie Jagger and Victor Lowe.

During the past year the room has entered into all the school activities, such as sports, debates, music and scholarship.

Frank McIntosh lead his worthy team through many well-fought games in both basketball and baseball.

Harold Simpson and Bob Swan composed the debating team. Although they were defeated, they gave the winners, Room 21, a good argument.

In music we are represented by Berkeley Newman and Bob Swan in the Senior Glee Club, and by Marjorie Kelly, Olive Moffitt, Dorothy Scott and May Webster in the Junior Glee Club.

It should be mentioned also that we were represented in the Field Day sports by May Webster, Alec Curr, Maynard Edwards, Harold Davidson, Jim McAndrew, Frank McIntosh and Thompson McWilliams, who certainly upheld our honor.

In scholarship, too, we have our "famous." Indeed, what teacher would not agree with us when he remembers such students as Wilmot Shepherd, our shark in mathematics; and Lorne Coates, who stars in English, French and History; Olive Moffitt, who leads the class in shorthand and typewriting, and Frank McIntosh, who shines in bookkeeping. Such bright students as George Hodge, Marjorie Kelly, George Lucas and Dorothy Scott should be also remembered.

Although none of the class is by any means lacking in brains, we have our few slackers, of whom we never speak; they are a "dead secret."

Well, in as few words as possible we have tried to tell you of our members, so now we take leave, and wish one and all of our fellow students a successful career.

—Room 10.

ROOM 11

Room 11 girls are all overjoyed that the baseball season has started. We are going to practice daily so that we may compete with other rooms. Our warning to others is this: "Be careful—for we mean business!"

—Ruth Johnston.

ROOM 12

In the speeches, Ambrose Wheatly was discovered to have a poetic soul; and the other speakers to be rivals of Demosthenes. All in all, those taking part in the competitions did exceptionally well.

ROOM 15

On two different occasions Room 15 held parties. The first evening was spent in tobogganing, the guests returning later to the home of Doris Patrick, where a good time was had by all.

The second party was a great success, as most of the girls had enjoyed the skating party. Miss Anderson attended this party, and she certainly deserves three hearty cheers for being a good sport. The latter part of the evening was spent at the home of Mona Smythe, where refreshments were served, and games were played by the entire class.

—M. McLennan.

On March 9th, Room 15 held a very interesting debate with Room 61, the subject being: "Resolved that newspapers do more harm than good." Room 15 supported the affirmative side, which won out. The debaters for Room 61 were: Ellen Vesper, leader, and Mary Bletcher; Room 15, Isla Pearson, leader, and Margaret Norrie.

Earlier in the year, a very interesting debate was held in the Room. The subject was: "Resolved that Vancouver is likely to become a greater city than Winnipeg." The affirmative side won. The debaters on the affirmative were Isla Pearson and Mona Smythe; negative side, Margaret Norrie and Thelma Hudson.

—N. Archibald.

MEMORIES OF SCHOOL DAYS—ROOM 15

As this is the last year at the dear old Daniel McIntyre for most of us in Room 15, we shall say "farewell" to our principal, teachers, and our school. We are all, indeed, sorry to leave, yet, when we are older we shall have its pleasant memories to treasure.

Our room consists of the girls of Rooms 7 and 46 of last year. We are intelligent (?), industrious (?), and energetic (?). Our hardest subjects are bookkeeping and shorthand, the latter of which, in spite of all our efforts, looks as if a chicken had walked across the page leaving its footprints behind. Many of us are becoming cross-eyed from trying to look at the keyboard and the copy at the same time, while typing. Even if we can type, we are supposed to be typists and not typewriters as we have been called. Room 15 has some very promising stenographers who will be capable of holding good positions; but the only way others of us will ever get into offices is by scrubbing office floors.

During our two years we have had many parties, such as picnics, from which none came away neglected by the mosquitoes; tobogganing, from which no one came home with a broken neck; skating, from which no one received many bruises; and swimming at the baths, for which we were none the worse, except for a bucket of water that insisted on going down the wrong way. We enjoyed every minute of these class gatherings, and shall always laugh when we think of Thelma sitting in the middle of the Wesley Rink looking heavenward as if counting the stars, or when we think of Aurora, ambitious and brave, learning to float face downward in the water. During these expeditions, we kept the people

well informed that we belonged to the Daniel McIntyre, by continually giving our school yell.

Although not all of us are gifted with good voices, three of the girls distinguished themselves by taking part in the solo, duet, and trio work in the Musical Festival, the results of which were very satisfactory.

No matter what the years to come hold in store for us, we shall always have memories of our school days. They are ours—no one can buy or steal them—and if the road seems difficult, let us look through our book of memories. It will give us comfort and strength to carry on our work in life.

We are—

F—first-rate.

I—intelligent.

F—friendly.

T—talented.

E—efficient.

E—energetic.

N—native of the D.M.C.I.

ROOM 18 QUERIES

Will Rhoderick be late on the Examination Day?

Is there any sensible answer to Stirling's questions?

Do Teeny and Wilda ever run out of secrets?

Do Lillian and Hannah enjoy Physics?

When is Audrey going to move to Hollywood?

What marks would Joe get if he worked?

How long will Stella (star) Waite until she is as good as her name implies?

A Hike

On March 9th, a number of the inmates of Room 18 made their way to the home of the Templeton Twins. When all those who were expected had arrived, (the 10 o'clock scholars were late) the merry party boarded the west bound street car, and alighted at the pontoon bridge. They tramped about in the snowbanks of Assiniboine Park, and finally followed the river back to the city. Mrs. Templeton was again raided by the party and served them a satisfying lunch of weinies and rolls. After a jolly sing-song, the hikers said "Good-bye," and found their way home.

ROOM 21

On March 7th, during the interval allowed for "luncheon," Room 21 staged a winning battle of words with Room 10 in Room 58. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, that Vancouver has a greater future than Winnipeg." Margaret Junkin and Sergius Fraser represented the affirmative side to perfection, and we are justly proud of our young orators. Bob Swan and Harold Simpson, though losers, delivered very fine addresses.

Room 21 and Room 50 held two enjoyable evenings this winter, in the form of tramps. The usual "eats" were served at the homes of two of the girls, Doreen McLellan and Doris Henderson.

ROOM 22

Room 22 was missing when the last issue of the "Breezes" appeared, but, due to the untiring efforts of our Chief Detective, Mac. Malcolm, and the timely assistance of the Lost and Found department, it has been located, and here we are. Detective Malcolm has several theories concerning this matter, but personally, we strongly suspect that Ed Bratton knows more about it than he cares to admit. He was always a somewhat dubious character.

We are all very sorry to lose our President, Bill Lamont. Bill has left us to face the cold, hard world by himself. He is, we understand, in the employ of an insurance company. The day he added himself to the staff, the stock of the company rose five points. You may draw your own conclusion from this. We wish Bill all the luck we can spare—luck is very scarce now, and we need all we have for the rapidly approaching June exams.

George Stephens, our infant prodigy, in a moment of reckless abandon, threw a nickel up on the ledge which runs around near the top of the room, and has suffered a lapse of memory ever since. (Scottish papers please copy.) We ask Mr. Fyles to remember this when George forgets his French books.

Speaking of orators, how about Catherine Elliot? We have to admit that she can't be beaten. Why Catherine did not win the Provincial contest we do not know, but Chief Detective Malcolm has promised to investigate the matter thoroughly, to find out what was wrong with the judges. Nevertheless, we most heartily congratulate Catherine, and we feel positive that she will "clean up" next time.

—B.K.

ROOM 24

This trip you are going to hear from the good ship "24." Last voyage, on account of winds and rocks, our S.O.S. signals (it:ms) did not reach the land (press). Our pilots (teachers) tell us we are a lively crew, and we are inclined to believe them. We were well prepared for our Christmas exams, by the social we had on Dec. 14th, on the deck (erection shed) when the winning volleyball team, team A, was entertained by the remainder of the room. Teams were chosen and relay games enjoyed. Light refreshments were served by the social committee, who very nearly succeeded in leaving them in the galley (top of the piano). The captain (Miss Bucknam) and crew enjoyed the surprise indeed. When six bells tolled "All on board for port '24'" a cry of regret was heard from the industrious crew.

—G.C.

Room 24 failed to announce that their class had elected officers: Adelpha Baldwin President; May Kennedy, Secretary, also Secretary of the Junior Council; Vida Bennet and Maria Jonsson, Committee; Eliza-

beth Morganstern, Sports Captain; Verna Morris, "Breezes" Representative.

* * *

On Friday evening, January 21st, the girls of Room 24 (there are no boys in the room, thank goodness!) held a toboggan party at River Park. Although the weather was very cold, it did not prevent our having "one grand outing." The party had originally been planned for January 14th, but the weather was so mild that we postponed it for a week.

After tobogganing for an hour we finished the evening by having refreshments and musical numbers at the home of Ada Loban. Afterwards we returned to our respective homes, and during the long ride on the street car, the school yell was heard many times.

Of course, our worthy president, Adelpia Baldwin, and May Kennedy, our honorable secretary, were present. We owe many thanks to our sport captain, Elizabeth Morganstern, who arranged the party, and to Ada's mother for her kindness.

—D.K.

Very early in the school year we, in Room 24, discovered how best to keep ourselves "before the eyes of the public" but within the hearing of those unfortunate people. This fact has been clearly shown in a number of ways, one of these being the debates. Our class elected as its representatives Margaret Chapple (leader) and Mary Close. Our opponents were Percival Haynes and Earl Hamilton. Bob Swan made an efficient chairman. The subject debated was, "Resolved that capital punishment be abolished." Room 24 supported the negative. Miss Hickson and Mr. Cooke, the judges, decided in favour of our opponents.

—M.C., Room 24.

ROOM 45

It is rumored that Murray Keays is touring the world this summer, Oh well, after resting all this term he would need a change to wake him up.

Ed Carson likes this half hour study period, it helps him catch up in his sleep.

Walter Greenwood is attempting the English Channel swim this summer. After lolling around for several months, one would think of taking a bath.

Joseph Cohen uses an Eversharp to cut down the wear on the pencil sharpener.

—Joe McKracken.

ROOM 47

Well, at last 47 has something to brag about!

Edna Chapman, our future—we haven't decided who—was successful in gaining second place in the recent Musical Festival. Edna is in the Primary High-Voice Class and lost out by only one point.

Martha Setter, our "famous" contralto songstress, along with

Eleanor Bradburne, of Room 56, came first in the Junior Duets at the same festival. Good work, girls!

But singers are not our only specialty, we have some "speakers" also. In fact, some of the teachers think we have entirely too many in class periods.

In a debate between Rooms 47 and 49 the two "laddies" from 47 carried off the honors. The subject was, "Resolved that moving pictures of today tend to lower public morals." Our team, Robert Scott and Albert Malzan, supported the affirmative. Look for 47 in the finals!

Our feminine volleyball stars were successful in this game to the extent of winning first place among the Grade X.'s. We understand the prize is coming later (?).

—R.H.S.

On Monday, 6th of February, Room 47 held a very lively (?) toboggan party. Meeting at the H.B.C. arcade at 8 p.m. (?) we proceeded without further ado to the River Park slides. We coasted for about an hour—mostly on the toboggans but sometimes elsewhere—when someone suggested that we stop. We betook ourselves to the "shack," warmed up, and devoured not a few "hot dogs."

"His rebus factis," we returned, without seriously damaging the street car, to the home of Donald MacGregor, our sports captain, who generously allowed us the use of his home for the evening. There we proceeded with some "interior decorating" and spent the rest of the evening in dancing. Shortly after midnight the party ended and everyone declared that it had been a "WOW."

ROOM 48

Since we failed to appear in print in the last edition of the "Breezes" we will now give you a list of our class officers. We are under the capable leadership of Mr. Don Campbell, the star student of the room. Helping him along is Mr. Lionel Theobald. Our benevolent secretary-treasurer is the "late" Mr. Kenneth Whatmough, and last but not least, is our sports captain, Mr. Cecil T. Woodman.

You will notice a number of fine drawings throughout the paper. Not all, but we are sure, most of them, were penned by our artist, Mr. Norman Erickson.

Our neighbors along the hall, Room 50, stated in their last column in the "Breezes" that they had the most mixed aggregation of any room in the school. We are noted for our one nationality, namely—French. Look at our marks in this subject and you will see.

In reference to the statement made by Room 50 in the last edition of the "Breezes," we should like to say that Room 48 has more nationalities represented than any other room in the school. Among our numbers are a few English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian, French, Norwegian, Swedish, Italian, German, Icelandic, Yankee, Welsh and Belgian.

ROOM 49

Certain changes have been made in the class officers of Room 49 since the former edition of the school paper.

As before, Class President is Herbert Taylor; Sports Captains, Shirley Clapham and Martin Bell. Our new Secretary is Walter Roberts, in place of Ernest Andrews, who has left school. Representative, the writer.

A debate was held between Rooms 47 and 49, the subject debated being: "Resolved that Moving Pictures of today tend to lower the public morals." Our debaters, Florence Eden and Hilda Miller, did their very best, but Room 47 debaters did better, according to the judges.
—Representative, E.P.

Basketball

Room 49 defeated Room 47.
Room 49 defeated Room 15 by default.
Room 49 defeated Room 61.
Rooms 21 and 18 defeated Room 49.

Volleyball

Room 47 defeated Room 49.
Room 49 defeated Room 15.

51—SELF GOVERNMENT—51

Room fifty-one has been the pioneer in self-government. A great deal of credit is due Mr. Best for the unfailing patience he has shown during certain crises, when the scheme seemed doomed to failure. The enterprise, be it known, was not entered upon in a haphazard manner, but was accepted only after extensive debating and consideration. The usual difficulties attached to every pioneer movement had to be overcome. The system was naturally criticized from all angles; nevertheless, it has proven itself to be not only possible but highly desirable.

To those who follow we throw the torch, "Be yours to hold it high." We hope, in fact, we prophecy, that in the near future every senior room in Daniel McIntyre will have adopted this system in the spirit of co-operation and good-fellowship. Come on, fellows. Hurrah for Self-Government.

ROOM 52

The girls showed their mettle in basketball. The first game was lost to Room 46, but every other game seemed to give them fresh courage; they played well in all the games, and won the Grade IX. championship.

Room 52 was also well represented in the Musical Festival with five girls assisting in the school chorus, and Gwen Fleming, Betty Kernahan, and Evelyn Irons taking their parts in the other items.

Perhaps our motto, "Patience, Pluck and Perseverance Prevail," has inspired us, and we hope next year to be in line with—better sport, better music, better scholarship, and better school spirit.

—N.S.

THE "GOOD SHIP 53"



Ship ahoy! Great was the commotion as the "Good Ship 53" was launched on the sea of graduation dresses. Everything pointed to a record trip and the enthusiasm of the sailors was unsurpassed as the scissors' keel ploughed through white chiffon waves. The worthy captain, Miss Ingram, commanded the operations with experienced skill. Under her guiding hand we cruised gaily out of the harbor into more treacherous seas.

No accident occurred until "Mate" Johnston fell overboard, damaging the front of her dress to such an extent that we were compelled to land at Port Eaton's to procure more material. Before the "Good Ship 53" neared its destination other slight mishaps occurred, but these did not impede its progress. A few miles from the home port our numbers were increased by a millinery crew with their competent captain, Miss Dowler.

Towards the close of our voyage, with miles of seams and fagotting in our wake, we welcome the sight of shore, which looms in the distance. When the ship docks numerous friends and acquaintances will eagerly flock to view our display of treasures.

—A.B. and P.J.

ROOM 53

Important events of this term have been the inter-room debates. Practically every room in the school entered a team, consisting of two pupils. Room 53 did not lag behind in this respect. Margaret McKelvie and Isabel Craig were its choice.

The first topic debated was, "Resolved that modern education fails to develop character."

The second topic debated was, "Resolved that Western ideals in the Orient are a detriment to immediate progress there."

The debaters were continually urged on by our English teacher, Mrs. Elliott, who was anxious that they should be a credit to the room.

After Margaret and Isabel had been refreshed by a rest in the Easter holidays, they debated with Cherry Crawford and Willis Wheatly on whether or not "Residential schools were superior to public schools."

Again Margaret and Isabel were victorious. It was a singular coincidence that in every debate Room 53's representatives supported the negative arguments. However, both girls state that they enjoyed the work greatly, and hope that the custom of inter-room debates will be continued in the future.

ROOM 56

It's a long time since you heard from us, but that's the fault of the Editor, we're always ready to talk. Our room is, as you probably know, the most intelligent in the school. We are noted for our scintillating brilliance in all branches of study, and intend to cop off three or four scholarships in June.

Our debaters, Margaret Marsh and Gordon Josie, nobly upheld the room, but met an honorable defeat at the hands of the Room 18 followers of Demosthenes.

However, we do not devote all our time to the pursuit of knowledge. Fifty-six also enters enthusiastically into the sporting life of this noble institution. On Monday, the sixth of May (to be strictly accurate), the girls' baseball schedule was begun. With their customary vim, the girls of fifty-six started off with a bang, the first home-run of the season being scored by first-baseman Margaret Marsh. The boys—but we'll let their sports captain, Doug. Cook, relate their baseball prowess. His report is as follows:

"As 'scholars' Room 56 are good baseball players. We are ably assisted by Room 55 in forming a first class team. We have some notables on our team. Our shortstop is none other than Bill Kibblewhite, our speed artist. But we have also a real scholar playing for us in the shape of Harold Finsness. He will help us greatly in "bringing home the bacon," not only in the baseball championship, but in a scholarship. Then there is young Keith Moore, our hurler. Besides hurling a mean game he has a lusty clout. Our local Babe Ruth is Lloyd Rankin, from 55. He has clouted no less than six home runs in four games."

The school side of life in the room appears to have been held up by the girls alone during the year. The feminine portion of the room had the time of its life during the last snowfall of the season. After taking only one week to make up its minds—individually and collectively, it finally decided to embark on a momentous adventure, in other words—a toboggan party. Accordingly, one beautiful, snowy, winter evening, about fifteen damsels swung lightly (or otherwise) aboard a street car bound for River Park. With characteristic ease and swiftness they rapidly obtained the largest toboggan possible, and, dragging it manfully up the slope, were off in a rush of wind, beating all track records. Three of our most intrepid maidens indulged in a little Alpine climbing and expended considerable energy in scrambling up the slides by means of the space customarily occupied by the toboggan—evidently preferring this method to toiling up the plebian stairway. After an hour of ups and downs, the party returned to the home of Evelyn Rollins for the most enjoyable portion of the evening—"eats." To use a time worn phrase "a good time was had by all, and everyone returned home tired but happy."

The other day, one of our most brilliant students inquired brightly if anyone had discovered the answer to the following question: "Why did the hobo hop?" A chuckle greeted this witticism—genius is appreciated in fifty-six. But one failed to respond in the orthodox man-

ner, and merely looked thoughtful. At last, however, his face brightened. "I have it!" he exclaimed, "because he saw the fox trot!" The victim is recuperating, and expects to be back in time to write the finals.

Speaking of exams., Room 56 is awaiting the 18th of June with some impatience and anticipation. Mingled with these pleasant sensations is a feeling of regret that we are leaving the old school forever (if we're lucky). Never more will we work or play within its walls; no more will we occupy the dear old chemistry lab., where we spent so many happy hours among all the friendly little atoms and molecules, with the reflection of the lighted gas jet flickering merrily in the polished surfaces of the test tubes. We wipe away a tear—but let us cheer up. We may be back in a couple of months, ready for another year in Grade XI. But, in case we don't return—here's to the good old Collegiate—long may she flourish!

ROOM 58

Marion Archibald—Gorgeous.

Louise Bewick—Henry's Made a Lady Out of Lizzie.

Lucy Boothman—Hearts and Flowers.

Beulah Braid—Varsity Drag.

Beatrice Brooks—The Old Oaken Bucket.

Gwendoline Carter—Sunshine.

Gladys Conklin—Ain't She Sweet?

Cherry Crawford—When Irish Eyes are Smilin'.

Dorothy Douglas—Scherzo in D sharp.

Clemency Dunsmore—My Darling Clementine.

Frances Fox—When Frances dances with me.

Lilya Guttormsson—Lay My Head Beneath a Rose.

Betty Francis—Always.

Minnie Hantscharuk—The Merry Widow.

Christina Horn—Auld Lang Syne.

Edith Horton—Collegiate.

Margaret Hutcheson—And Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down
Her Back.

Svanhuit Johanneson—The Swan Song.

Evelyn King—Long Live the King!!!

Jessie Little—O Katharina!

Edna Mason—Baby Face.

Jean Murdock—That Certain Party.

Ruby Palmason—The Last Rose of Summer.

Beatrice Quilliams—Moonlight and Roses.

Sadie Robbins—Spring Song.

Mabel Sheard—Dainty Miss.

Christina Steel—The Vacant Chair.

Emma Stephenson—After the Ball.

Mildred Storsater—The Prisoner's Song.

Eleanor Thomas—My Darling Nellie Gray.

Audrey Thompson—Tommy Lad.

Thelma Wallman—Just Like a Butterfly Caught in the Rain.

Norma Williams—Among my Souvenir.
 Agnes Willms—Russian Lullaby.
 Marguerite Hodge—When You and I Were Young, Maggie.
 Abram de Fehte—Mississippi Mud.
 Reuben Groves—Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight.
 Osborne Hawkins—Everybody's Buddy.
 Llewellyn Johns—Yes Sir! That's My Baby.
 James Mackay—Me and My Shadow.
 Charles Marden—Charley, My Boy.
 Jack Palmason—Sweet and Low.
 William Pfeffer—Just Before the Battle, Mother.
 Douglas Tedford—Dear Little Boy of Mine.
 Willie Wheatley—Anvil Chorus.
 Clair Zyrd—Sweet Man.
 Percy Smith—Asleep in the Deep.

Room 58 has been remarkably successful in girls' sports. Witness the victories of our volleyball and basketball teams, who won the inter-room championship. Now, in the midst of the baseball season, we look for further success.

Room 58 is justly proud of its representatives in the debating series, Cherry Crawford and Willie Wheatley. They were outstandingly successful, and entered the finals, but, unfortunately lost to Room 53 in the last debate. We take comfort, however, in the fact that our opponents won only by a very small margin and that the judges were of the opinion that (?) our argument was possibly better. We are sure that it was.

OBITUARY

TO the loving memory of School Dances, who passed out from our midst this term, we dedicate this memoriam. She leaves behind the sweet and tender memories of many a happy hour, and her passing will be regretted by all who knew her. Thus, though we, who were accustomed to welcome her several times a year, must now forego that pleasure, we may at least remember her, lest we meet her elsewhere. Fate has decreed it shall be so, and we must not complain,

"The old order changeth,
 Yielding place to new."

Wise, likewise, and otherwise—but mostly otherwise, we still have the Graduation Dance, and for this we may be thankful, even though we still mourn the other.

"Gone but not Forgotten."

—L. Johns, 58.



"A college joke to cure the dumps"—
 So said the writer, Swift.
 They come to us in reams, in lumps,
 Though few evince the gift!
 We place them all beneath the fan
 And let our "Breezes" blow;
 The lighter ones are far away,
 The "Krazy Kracks"—below.

* * *

Mr. Riter: "What is one-half of one-tenth?"

Primary: "I don't know exactly, but it won't be very much."

* * *

Geo. Smith: "Mr. Best, I haven't a pen."

Mr. Best: "What would you think of a soldier who went into battle without his gun?"

Geo.: "I would think he was an officer."

* * *

Mr. McCabe (to Room 14): "If I drop this explosive it will blow us all to Kingdom Come.' Now come closer so you can follow me."

* * *

Mr. Morgan: "What is the English equivalent for 'fugit'?"

Roy: "Male insects."

Mr. Morgan: "Explain yourself."

Ray: "He fleas."

* * *

The man came from Banfield's,
 Alas we couldn't pay,
 So he took our furniture,
 On a due, due, duey day.

* * *

Alvin Kennedy, of Newark, N.J., sat on the top of a flag pole for twelve days and twelve nights. Then he came down, the automobile salesmen had starved to death.

Mussolini has at last established the truth of an old saying—the king can do no wrong. (He hasn't got a chance.)

An arm protruding from the side of a machine ahead signifies any one of the following things: The motorist is (1) knocking ashes off his cigarette, (2) going to turn to the left, (3) warning a small boy to shut up, (4) going to turn to the right, (5) pointing to the scenery, (6) going to back up, (7) feeling for rain, (8) telling the wife he is sure the front door is locked, (9) going to stop, (10) hailing a friend in a passing car.

*Monsieur Kadunza
typical Daniel Mac
orator says the "Breezes"
is the best yet*



Oxford: "The Prince of Wales has a new horse—'Dandruff.'"

Cambridge: "Why do they call him Dandruff?"

Oxford: "Because he makes the hair fall."

Mr. Murphy: "Use the name 'Lon Chaney' in a sentence."

Snusher: "As I'm not particular where I eat, I'll Lon Chaney where you want."

A woman's aim is usually at her husband.

If the late Mr. Burbank had tried crossing the cabbage and the asparagus, he might have evolved a ready-made cigar.

A northern railway contractor recently advertised for 250 sleepers. A very fed-up clergyman offered his entire congregation at a knockout price.

"My boy, think of the future."

"I can't; it's my girl's birthday and I must think of the present."

Saw one man speeding to get the latest model home before it became obsolete.

Man in elevator: "Fourth floor, please."

Operator: "Here you are, son."

Man in elevator: "How dare you call me son? You're not my father."

Operator: "Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"

"I bought a new model loud speaker yesterday."

"Yeh. What hoarse power?"

"What do you think of these nifty two-for-a-quarter cigars?"
 "You must have gotten the twenty cent one."

* * *

Rural Autoist: "I want some tires."
 Automobile Salesman: "Balloon tires?"
 R.A.: "No, automobile tires."

* * *

Our idea of a tactful hostess is a lady who, when a guest knocks over a salt cellar, kicks the legs from under the table and jerks the chandelier out of the ceiling to keep the offender from feeling embarrassed.

* * *

Modern Surgeon: "How's the patient with the mule gland operation this morning?"

Nurse: "Not so well, sir; he kicked himself unconscious last night."

* * *

She: "But I thought this place was always crowded."

He: "It usually is, between seven and eight, but I believe in coming late to avoid the rush that comes early to avoid the rush."

* * *

"Well, come down tomorrow morning and I'll put you to work."

"Tomorrow? I couldn't possibly come until the day after,"

"Why?"

"Why, tomorrow I must take part in the great demonstration of protest of the unemployed."

* * *

Judge: "What's the charge against this man, officer?"

Cop: "Arson, Your Honor; burning up the road."

* * *

He sold his brain to a research laboratory, but he fooled them; he didn't have any brain.

* * *

"I have a breaking out all over my face."

"Rash?"

"No, beard."

* * *

Mendicant: "I am really an author—I once wrote a book called the "One Hundred Ways to Earn Money."

Gentleman: "Then why are you begging?"

Mendicant: "That's one of the hundred ways."

* * *

"Three weeks ago I couldn't play a note."

"Well?"

"Now I can play one note."



Little Boy Blew.

Am. 19

"You may be a boon to your mother, but you look like a baboon to me."

* * *

Summer Boarder: "But why are those trees bending over so far?"

Farmer: "You would bend over too, miss, if you was as full of green apples as those trees are."

* * *

Null: "I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

Void: "And you found it?"

Null: "Well, rather. I'm in the hole now."

* * *

Farmer: "If I were as lazy as you, I'd go and hang myself in my barn."

Hobo: "No, you wouldn't. If you were as lazy as I you wouldn't have any barn."

* * *

Wife: "I took this recipe for this cake out of the cook book."

Husband: "You did perfectly right. It should never have been put in."

* * *

Authorities rule that the child of two Canadians born in China is Chinese. From this it might be argued that a youngster born on an ocean liner is a rowboat. But the impression hitherto has been that a baby born at sea is either a gull or a buoy.

* * *

Dumbelle: "Can I have some talcum powder?"

Ditto: "Mennen's?"

Dumbelle: "No, vimmen's."

Ditto: "Scented?"

Dumbelle: "No, I vill take it mit me."

* * *

The French revolution was won violently, not by "freedom slowly broadening down from President to President," as Tennyson wrote.

Goodbye! The words echo with a dull finality in our ears. Graduation is here, our school days are over. Was it not only yesterday we entered these halls, quaking primaries, infants they called us? But no! across the pages of memory three years have been written. Three years! One-twentieth of a lifetime! Have we profited by them? Who can say? The future hugs the secret to its breast,

Can you not see us? Poor little ones that we were, entering the school boldly yet timidly, obeying the laws of the institution. Then juniors, more confident, yet not daring too much. And now? Seniors they say. In lessons, perhaps, but what of the school of life? Once more we are but unconfident infants. Shall we ever become seniors? Only the deep, dark, immense ocean of time can tell.

—Isabel Craig, Room 53, S.C.

VALEDICTORY EXERCISES, JUNE 8th, 1928

GRADUATION is being much anticipated as a social event in spite of the regret that is attached to leaving the school. The programme promises to be a very interesting one. Our Principal, Mr. Campbell, will occupy the chair, and the address of the afternoon will be given by Dr. R. C. Wallace, of the University of Manitoba.

Gordon Brooks, of Grade XI., Room 51, has been chosen to give the valedictory address.

Presentation of the Governor-General's Medal will be made to Leslie Cannon, of the 1927 graduation class. Cups and medals won in the field of sport, will be presented by Mr. E. N. Smith. A souvenir of the graduating classes will be presented to the school by Bob Alexander, President of the Senior Council. The Grade XII. emblem will be passed on to their successors by Cherry Crawford and Edith Horton, and received by Jack Hamlin and Anne Breadner; while the Grade XI. emblem in turn, will be presented by Margaret McKelvie and Gordon Cane, and received by Janet Watt and Kathleen Todd.

The musical programme will be in the capable hands of our much-loved Miss Kinley. The Senior Choral Society will sing "Hail Canada," and "Love's Benediction." The three duets awarded prizes in the Musical Festival will be combined to form a charming sextette. Vera Lamont will render "A Soft Day," and the programme will close with two numbers by the Senior Girls' Glee Club.

In the evening the Seniors will be "At Home" in the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute.

—H.P.R., 56

WAVERLEY WILSON

'Tis with regret that we think of the departure of our worthy school president, Waverley Wilson. After an outstanding career on the track, in Field Day (in which he was senior individual champion), and after a successful electioneering campaign, "Wave," as Room 58's candidate, won out in the Senior Council elections. Having gained the confidence of the majority of the students, he forthwith justified the trust which was placed in him. His somewhat brief, but none the less outstanding career as school president, proclaimed him as one of the most popular leaders the school has ever had. Then came the day when he, like everyone has done or will have to do, faced the problem of either attending school or accepting a good position. Unfortunately for us, "Wave" chose the latter course. Then, in recognition of the great service he had rendered the school, a mass meeting of the senior student body was held in the erection hall. Here he was given an appropriate and fitting send-off, with a representative from each department voicing the regret of that particular department, and presenting him with a token of this regret.

—L. Johns, 58.

TYPEWRITING HONORS

DURING the school year up-to-date the following awards have been won by Grade X. Commercial students on monthly tests issued by the typewriting companies:

Remington Awards

Primary Certificate (for 25-34 net words a minute)—Room 10, Berkeley Newman; Room 15, Annie Bell, Marguarite Bryan, Georgina Care; Room 49, Martin Bell, Clarence Folson, Hilda Miller.

—Card Case (for 35-44 net words a minute)—Room 8, Winona Tait; Room 10, George Hodge, May Webster; Room 15, Norah Archibald, Annie Bell, Irene Marshall, Margaret Norrie; Room 49, Martin Bell, Verna Finlay, Grace Hoskins, Marjorie Marks, James Sims.

Silver Medal (for 45-54 net words a minute)—Room 10, May Webster, Olive Moffitt; Room 25, Norah Archibald, Doris Patrick.

Note—Remington awards are granted for papers containing not more than five errors.

Underwood Awards

Bronze Medal (for 40-50 net words a minute)—Room 10, Maynard Edwards; Room 15, Margaret Norrie; Room 49, Marjorie Marks, James Sims.

Underwood Certificate (for 30-39 net words)—Has been won by a considerable number of the members of each of Rooms 10, 15 and 49.

Accuracy Record

Grace Hoskins, of Room 49, established an accuracy record by submitting a perfect paper on the April Remington test at 41 net words a minute.

SCHOOL DAYS

IT is said that the days which we spent at school contain the most pleasant and lasting memories. This may not seem true while we are yet in attendance, but as we become older, we begin to realize the meaning of school to us. Indeed, as we think of days long past, we can remember the Intercollegiate field days—how we jumped and shouted until we were quite exhausted, but happy with excitement; the school elections—the speeches of the candidates, and the applauses; the school dances—what fun we had at them all; the times when we were sent to the library for not being attentive in class; and the most vivid perhaps in our memory, the examinations! How we used to sit up late the night before the history exam., trying to learn all that we should have learned before! How we used to lie awake at nights, when the exams. were all over, thinking, “I wonder whether I’ve passed!” How we used to bother the teachers until we got our marks! All these memories go to show what good times we really had at our dear old Collegiate. And yet, when we are going to school, we say, “Oh! I wonder why we have to go to school!” or, “I wish there were no schools!” but as we get

older, we realize their value, and appreciate what we were taught. So, if our school days have such pleasant memories attached to them now, and if they are of such value to us, why should we not all try to make them bright and happy? And why should we not all make our thoughts of our school and teachers very pleasant and firmly fixed in our minds, so that when we leave our institution of learning we may carry with us delightful memories of our school days and their associations?

—Georgie Care, Room 15.

THE OAK

As I was wand'ring forth one day,
I chanced upon an old oak grove,
Which was so pretty, that it may
Have been of nature's treasure trove.
Surmounting all, there was a tree,
Had witnessed many long years pass;—
Its noble bearing and degree
Were obvious; though all in a mass
Its thick be-twisted limbs entwined,
From years of battle with the wind.

This tree was chief amidst its kin
For strength, for beauty, and for size;
For it was strong—its brethren thin,
To its great heights they'd never rise.
In beauty it surpassed them all,
The shape of it so pleased the eye;
So large it was, and strong, and tall,
It seem'd that it would never die.
Would ever fall this mighty tree?
Would cease all life ere this could be!

O'erhead a few short years have pass'd,
And to the grove again I go
To see the wond'rous tree, that last
Time in the Fall impress'd me so.
Oh, what a sight awaited me!
My heart whelm'd up within my soul!
For all was changed, and I could see
The tree, that last time was so full
Of strength, of beauty, and of pride,
Lie helpless on its wounded side!

How could it be that this strong one
Could fall so from his lofty height,
While saplings in comparison
Their branches spread in health and might?
Full of a curious wonder did
I stoop to bring the roots to light;
And there a little worm was hid,
Which brought upon this oak a blight;
And in life-giving roots had bored
Unnumbered grooves, which killed this lord.

O lordly king! O haughty one!
For all thy strength and worth,
A little worm the fight has won,
And brought thee to the earth!

—Ronald Cummins, Room 8.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA

IN recent years there have been many uprisings in China against foreign nations. Then, China itself is in a state of civil warfare, which began soon after the Revolution in 1911. To understand the situation, we must know something of the people and their history; so let us look into the past of this once vast and mighty nation of the Far East.

China, translated literally, means "The Flowery Middle Kingdom." It was given this name in its days of pomp and glory. For China at one time stretched from North China to the Persian Gulf and Caspian Sea; and as far west as Europe. The Mongolians forced the Russian princes to do homage to them in 1280. They conquered the Hungarians, Poles, and Galicians, then swept through Asia Minor. Only a few years ago, discoveries were made of drawings and carvings, distinctly Chinese, on walls of caves in South Africa. All this goes to show the vastness of the old Chinese Empire.

Now let us turn to the people of the ancient times. The Chinese worship under three forms of religion, Buddhism, Tarism, and perhaps the most common, and containing the highest ideals, Confucianism. The latter is the worship of the famous sage Confucius. He taught the people good and evil, and also of God; but the name "Heaven" took the place of the Divine name. His golden rule was "What you do not like when done unto yourself, do not to others." Ancestral worship was, and still is an important factor in Chinese religion, showing great love for their parents and ancestors. The people had a high degree of intelligence, inventing such things as paper, the magnetic needle, which was followed by the compass, and gunpowder. Many other useful articles have been credited to Chinese invention. Type printing was in use centuries before it was discovered in Europe.

China is said to have regarded early traders as inferiors, and refused to have dealings with them; but according to certain authorities, it is now known that China carried on trade with foreign nations until she was excited to hostilities by the actions of the Portuguese and Spaniards from 1520 to 1570. China, on account of trade, has suffered many losses of territory. Hong Kong, for instance, was ceded to England because of some troubles over the opium trade. This is only one of the multifarious cases, as many treaties have been made with foreign nations, regarding trade, and leasing and cessation of lands. The people claim that China was not given a fair deal in these pacts; and call them the "unequal treaties."

After losing much land and prestige in war, the Chinese sought to regain their lost ground. Riots and other forms of disturbances took place, which resulted only in further losses. So we find among the people a feeling of "anti-foreignism," which persists even today. Its existence has been shown by the more recent disturbances. Last year Britain returned the Hankow concessions into Chinese control. The country itself is now in the grip of Bolshevism, which has been blamed for the "anti-foreign" uprisings.

The political situation is easily understood. The country is divided into two factions, the south and the north. The northern faction is try-

ing to restore the Manchurian line of kings and establish an aristocracy. On the other hand the southern faction is striving to conquer the north, and with a united nation, hold an election for the presidency; a position left vacant since the death of the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen. So it is a civil war between democracy and autocracy.

There is no comparison whatever, between ancient China and the China of today. The "Middle Kingdom once vast and mighty, is now a comparatively small and weak nation; once the largest homogeneous nation, now split into many factions which are at each other's throats. China has stood while other nations have risen and fallen. The question is—is China about to have its turn to fall, or will it be united to stand?

—J. G. Mar, Room 56.

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of Elizabeth Janette Carswell, who passed on, January 15th. Students of Room 7 extend their sympathy to relatives and friends of their late schoolmate.

A light has from our schoolroom gone,
A voice we loved is still,
A place is vacant in our class,
Which we can never fill.

NORMAL NOTES

The Normal season is fast drawing to a close, and we who are entering the teaching profession, realize that we are on the threshold of life. In future years, when looking back over our term at Normal, we shall have many happy recollections.

Among our numerous activities is the dramatic work. Under Miss Shirriff's guidance the Student Players presented several plays. Five one-act plays were given by the classes, before Christmas, and a five-act comedy since then. In addition to this, enjoyable "Lit" programmes have been given by most of the classes.

Sports are by no means neglected. In the fall, a field day was held at Assiniboine Park, as a get-together affair. During the winter, curling and basketball held our attention, but at present the spring days call us forth to the baseball diamond.

Each class has had four dances during the term. The most enjoyable of these was the concluding dance held at the Isaac Brock School.

On May 11th, the graduates held their closing exercises. The programme consisted of folk dances by members of Class "A" several songs by a chorus from Class "C," and the valedictory address by Miss Warwick. The Hon. Mr. Hoey gave an inspiring address, and a few words were spoken by Dr. W. A. McIntyre.

At present, we are contemplating with mingled pleasure and regret, the new life which lies before us.

—Dorothy Hutchison.

THE EXPLORERS OF THE OCEAN BED

CAN you imagine a creature not as large as a man, easily supporting on its body a weight equal to the weight of twenty railroad trains loaded with steel bars? It seems impossible that such could exist, but, as a matter of fact there are millions of such creatures.

Few persons know that the wide, blue surface of water conceals a weird and wonderful country of life, the realities of which surpass our wildest dreams—or nightmares. We know, of course, that there are fishes and other creatures swimming about in the underworld of water, but what we can see of the ocean as we look over the side of a boat or stand along the sea shore, does not tell us anything of the real kingdom of the sea.

Slowly, men are exploring the depths, but even the diver cannot catch a glimpse of this country of mystery, that lies beneath the waves. No diver ever has been able to explore more than two hundred and eighty-eight feet below the surface of the sea, yet in some places the ocean is over six miles deep. Man has scaled the skies, and mined for miles into the earth, but the sea has not permitted him to fathom its depths.

The first man to go down to a great depth was a gunnery instructor, of the British navy, named Catto. At the end of a series of diving experiments made in 1906, he dived two hundred and ten feet, and was the first man who saw the sea at such a depth and lived to tell the tale.

In 1915 an American submarine met with an accident off Honolulu while under water, and did not come up to the surface. Divers were sent down to find it. One of these divers, Frank Crilly, reached the wreck in five minutes, but it took two hundred and five men to draw him safely to the surface. Later one of his fellow divers, Laughlin, dived, but his life-line became entangled at two hundred feet, and Crilly had to dive to bring him to the surface again.

“Where there is no sunlight there can be no animal life and where there is no plant life there can be no animal life,” says the general public; so beyond the depth of six hundred yards the sea must be utterly uninhabited.

However, a strange thing came to the aid of explorers of the ocean bed. During the year 1860 a telegraph cable in the Mediterranean Sea broke at the depth of seventy-two hundred feet, and when the broken cable was raised it was found to be over-grown with sea animals in an astonishing variety of forms. At seventy-two hundred feet, the floor of the sea is as black as night and freezing cold; yet it was seen that animals were able to live, with tons of water crushing them down and not a ray of sunlight, to grow plants for them to feed upon.

Of course no diver could descend to the ocean floor, for he would be crushed to death by the awful pressure of water, long before he reached the bottom. The only way to explore the deep sea is to let down iron hooks and nets and try to drag up some of the things living in the

great blue depths. The explorers have also devised many instruments which would record the conditions of life in the abysses of the ocean—instruments which would measure the coldness of the deep-sea water and wonderful little bottles that will open when they touch bottom and fill themselves with the water there, then close up so tightly that the water at higher levels cannot enter. The nets are made in somewhat the same fashion, opening as they touch the bottom and closing as soon as they are raised a foot or two from the floor of the sea.

By such means as these many years have been spent in exploring the new kingdom of the sea and the life there and in studying the marvellous creatures that are discovered. As a result, in the last few years they have obtained a clear idea of the weird and marvellous country which, though it lies quite close to us, is shut off from our eyes by the gates of death. Eternal darkness covers it and it is very cold, yet full of beautiful life. In some places the deep-sea floor is covered with a tall growth of branching stems often eighteen feet high, of a pale lilac color and a fairy radiance. It is not a plant, but a grouping of animals that grow together, called polyp. It resembles a living wheat field in a slow, chilled, tidal current, glowing with a soft, suffused light, and sparkling and flashing at the slightest touch; now and then, breaking into a vivid brightness showing the path that some fish has taken through this region of enchanted loveliness.

Blind, red, crab-like forms crawl in and out of the strange undergrowth. Many of the creatures living in this sunless world of water not only have eyes, but shine with an inner radiance. There are living stars with a green, scintillating light; sea-snakes with a white flame; lobsters, pouring from their feelers a cloud of blue splendor; and creatures like miniature lighthouses flashing out red, yellow and green lights. There are indeed myriads of little forms which carry small, natural lights about with them as they wander in the awful darkness of the deep sea.

Only twelve hundred yards beneath the level of our shores lies this land of life, in which many things emit a soft and lovely radiance. The fishes there are often quite different from the ones that the fishermen catch in shallower waters. There is, for instance, a kind of sea-salmon with a line of natural lamps extending down the length of its body. Another dark fish which has two rows of red lamps running from its head to its tail, and one hundred and fifty little lights elsewhere on its back; this fish surely must be able to see its way clearly through the inky darkness of an ocean abyss. Some fishes carry their lamps on the end of dangling fibres; in others the centres of light are placed behind the eyes or elsewhere on the head.

One of the most beautiful of all these strange creatures of light is a kind of brittle star, called the "Glory of the Seas," one of which was caught on iron hooks sent down into three thousand feet of water. It is a star-shaped creature with long arms and has a brilliant green radiance—now sparkling at the centre of its body in a dazzling blaze, and then shooting along first one arm and then another. Sometimes the whole outline of this fish is lighted up with strange, wild, and beautiful green flames. There are also gigantic cuttle-fish, with suckers of enormous lengths, moving about like huge animated fireworks; and other

weird and terrible shapes of life haunt the black icy waters of this comparatively unknown world. It is possible that the floor of the ocean is as bright as the surface of a lake on a cloudless summer night, and in places the great abysses of the sea are like a city street with all its lights ablaze.

The phosphorescent light of the deep-sea creatures, like the light of the glow-worm, is made without any waste whatever in heat. It is a pure light, and a huge fortune awaits the man who discovers the secret of how to make light in this way. These creatures of the sea have a secret which would be worth millions of dollars to us who live on land.

The great problem that perplexes the explorers of the deep-sea is the question of how light is maintained so far below the surface of the water. What do the creatures of the depths feed upon? It is clear that they cannot keep up life merely by feeding upon each other, for the largest one would eventually swallow all the rest and then die of starvation, because there was nothing more for it to feed upon. All animal life must have plant life upon which to feed; this is as true of wild, strange animals of the deep, as it is of the cattle of our pastures. However, we have seen that no ordinary plants grow in the sunless underworld of water. How then is animal life maintained there?

Man will never stand in the ocean abysses as far below the sea level as Mt. Everest is above it. Of this we are almost sure, for it would need a submarine or some other such device with a window strong enough to resist the weight of Mt. Everest. Man will go on inventing and the explorer will go on discovering, and we shall know more and more of the regions of the depths of the sea; but never, perhaps, will man fling open the gates of death and darkness which hide from our eyes the wonderful life in the depths of the ocean.

—Sergius Fraser, Room 21.

VEZELAY, LA BASILIGNE, FRANCE

The souvenir chosen by the Graduating Classes to present to the school is a famous picture by Robert Fulton Logan, a Manitoba boy, born at Lauder and educated in the Mulvey School.

The picture is of historic interest. The Basilica was built by St. Bernard and the monks of the monastery at Vezelay in the early part of the 12th century.

St. Bernard's father, a knight, perished in the first Crusade. St. Bernard was the most powerful preacher of the age and was called upon by the Pope to preach a Crusade.

Later, Richard Couer de Lion, with his Crusaders, stopped at this Basilica for consecration on his way to the Holy Land.

This etching was the outstanding one of a group of three by which Mr. Logan won his place in the Paris salon of 1926 and is at present in a permanent collection in the British Museum, Luxembourg Galleries and Congressional Library, Washington, and a copy now hangs in the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute.

GRADUATING CLASSES

XII.—ROOM 58

President, Clair Zyrd; Vice-President, Jean Murdoch; Secretary, Cherry Crawford; Sports Captains, Douglas Tedford, Clemency Dunsmore; Marion Archibald, Louise Bewick, Lucy Boothman, Beulah Braid, Beatrice Brooks, Gwendoline Carter, Gladys Conklin, Frances Fox, Betty Francis, Lilja Guttormsson, Minnie Hantscharuk, Christina Horn, Marguerite Hodge, Edith Horton, Swanhuut Johannesson, Evelyn King, Jessie Little, Edna Mason, Ruby Palmason, Beatrice Quilliams, Sadie Robbins, Mabel Sheard, Christina Steel, Emma Stephenson, Mildred Storsater, Eleanor Thomas, Audrey Thompson, Thelma Wallman, Norma Williams, Agnes Willms, Abram de Fehr, Reuben Groves, Osborne Hawkins, Llewellyn Johns, James McKay, Charles Morden, Jack Palmason, William Pfeffer, Willis Wheatley, Percy Smith.

XI.A—ROOM 56

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X.L—ROOM 49

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TO A LOST AIRMAN

He is not dead—but wingeth
Over a Happier sea.
He is not mute—but singeth
A lovelier melody
Than we could know.

He is not sad—but daily
Rejoices in new life.
He is not lost—but gaily
Forgets our human strife
In ecstasy.

He is not cold—but heedeth
A warmer love of truth.
He is not lonely—but leadeth
The joyous Legion of Youth,
The Brave.

He is not still—but neareth
The swiftest in the chase.
He is not deaf—but heareth
The sound a rainbow makes
In harmony.

He knows not defeat—but reaches
The victory of the brave.
He conquers himself, and teaches
All nature to be his slave,
Tho' rebellious.

Then, while the urge is warm
And youth's blood running fast,
We'll soar beyond all harm
And reach the Heights at last,
Triumphant.

—Cherry Crawford, 58.

EVAN—YOUNG WARRIOR

Adventure and Romance

MANY a car droned by on the gravel-road that ran on the margin of Mystery River. At night the dancing head-lights gave to Archman's farm buildings and the surrounding bush, weird, moving, shapeless shadows, jagged-edged. When his brother went courting Sally, Evan would sometimes seat himself upon a huge rock that topped the river-bank, and there he would watch the shadows.

On this particular night, it was very dark. The white house loomed like a majestic ghost. A man, it appeared, flitted around the whitest corner. The distant heavens sparkled and mumbled and the boy knew that a storm was coming—and was coming fast. Soon streaks of lightning illumined the farmyard and what did the young warrior see? A man crouching against the barn? Yes, Evan knew it well.

As this precocious lad pressed the bottom of his bare foot on the stone moss, he felt a strange warm shiver of adventure pass through the whole of his youthful body. He turned and daringly slid down the smooth, sloping side of the huge rock that faced the river. He had often done that, imagining he was about to enter into a hazardous enterprise. At the base of the immense stone, the river yawned widely. As the boy picked up his brother's gun and flashlight, which he had borrowed to give realism to his fancied adventures, he wondered what made him feel so tall, so brave, and so strong tonight. It never occurred to him it might be the love he had for his brother Arnold.

A few minutes later, the boy, who was a "dozen years of age," as he would say, was lightly running through the woods. The only man he knew that might mean evil was Bull Buffon. Buffon had sometime before fought a losing fight with Evan's brother and had promised revenge. Evan certainly admired his brother for having been so brave. He admired all courageous men. What troubled him most, however, was that he knew not how to capture the culprit. Suddenly he furiously kicked a tree, personified it, and performed a hold-up, leaving the elm as the storm broke forth.

The wind moaned and howled and tore at the leaves and bent young maples into parabolic curves. Lightning and swift-driven rain made vision difficult, and thunder pounded monotonously against his ears. Nature contributed in a thousand ways to give the lad a glamorous thrill, so that he was glad to sit on a stone when he reached the barn.

Evan wiped his freckled face with his sleeve and panted hard and half turned his face to shelter it from the wind. It was lucky for him he did, for in the light from the white jagged lines in the sky, he saw low-crouched, very near him, with a kerosene can in his hand, the tyrant, Buff Buffon. The first impulse was to shoot the man; but, on second thought, he deemed it wiser to try to hold with the gun, the sneak who planned destruction by fire. But could he do it? He set all

his young muscles in a vice. His heart beat fast and his throat hardened. The wind whistled fearfully.

As the brilliant rays that shone from the powerful flashlight blinded the criminal, he saw nothing but a gun dazzling in the beams; and he turned about as a small rotating hand directed. There was a transient light again. "March," cried the lad in a voice like that of his good, brave brother; but the man remained stolid. "March!" repeated the expectant yet doubtful youth, jabbing the man's back with the gun. Bull responded this time and walked past the house to the highway. The wind lessened and so did Evan's strength.

Since the storm had subsided to a considerable extent, a horse not far away in the blurring darkness, now slowly and mechanically picked its way along the highway. It was drawing a buggy in which were Sally and Arnold. These occupants apparently were paying no attention to what Arnold had often before styled a "handy" animal.

Sally was the first to notice the peculiar movements some distance ahead of them. "What's that, Arnold?" she said wonderingly.

Evan's brother looked. He sprang lightly from the buggy, and leaving Sally in charge, ran down the road to secure a better view. "Can it be Buffon?" he said to himself. A few seconds later he received his life's greatest surprise; Evan was steering Buffon with a gun and flashlight.

By this time the young warrior, weakened by fear, was rapidly becoming helpless, and when a small whirlwind struck him, he toppled into the road-ditch, and thumped on the ground. As the lightning flamed again, Buffon saw the limped body collapse, and cursed himself that his plans should have been so trifled with by a youngster. Now this self-killed person would tell, and the plans would fail! Yet, there was a way out of it, he would throw the body into the river; then again, thought he, the water pools would be more convenient, for they would save time. If the boy drowned, people would believe he fell there; if he lived, well, he would take that chance.

Then with shaking hands the criminal laid the lad in a pool, imagining the rumbling thunder of the past storm to be voices railing against him; and he climbed upon the road and made to run.

"Halt! you coward!" It was Arnold's voice this time, and Buffon knew it well, for he fell on his knees on the highway, his hands upstretched and his face turned to the heavens that flashed in the distance; and he moaned prayers. The wind now ran in caressing currents.

* * *

Evan had had a good night's sleep, considering what he had passed through. He was now comfortably seated in a luxurious Chesterfield reading the "Battle of Waterloo." His handsome brother had just come in the car from town, where he had been all night on account of Buffon; and as he entered the room he had an envy of Evan's comfort, but it did not deter him from praising his child brother.

"Well, old fellow," he began, and continued enthusiastically, "you are the bravest of chums! You have saved me financially as well as



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socially. The destruction of all those fine buildings would have ruined me for years to come. Again, I say, you are the bravest of chums, and when you can take over a farm, and that will not be many years hence, I shall see you have one free!"

"You are only talking silly; what has become of Bull?"

"Oh, he'll not bother you for a while, but never mind that," replied the brother. "Listen to this; Sally here," (for Sally was supposed to be Evan's nurse just now) "is to be your mother."

That news was old, his brother had kept telling him that for the last two years; but on seeing the beautiful girl nodding affirmatively he knew it was going to be true.

"Gee! That's great!" he exclaimed, and then added wisely, "'course you mean my sister!"

"Right!" acquiesced Arnold.

—O. E. Hawkins.

STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY

To work or not to work, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The threats and insults of outrageous teachers,
Or to take arms against that host of tyrants
And by opposing end them? To sleep, to snore,
Not yawn; and by a sleep we say to end
The backache and the thousand natural shocks
Pupils are heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished; to rest—to sleep,
To snore, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub,
For in that peaceful sleep what dreams may come,
For snores do draw so much attention!
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of school life.
For who would bear the aches and pains of toil,
The oppressor's wrong, the senior's insolence,
Our visits to the office, the principal's haste,
The teacher's curiosity, and the marks
That patient merit of the dumbell takes,
When we ourselves might rights obtain
With a bare bodkin? Who would homework bear,
To groan and sweat under this weary work,
But that the dread of something after four,
That small black book from which no name
Is ever scratched, without some penalty,
Makes us rather do this work we have
Than add ten pages that we know not of,
Thus laziness doth make cowards of us all,
And thus our New Year's resolution
Is forgotten, Latin's untranslated,
And the contents of French and Hist'ry books
Are here neglected. Alas! discov'r'd;
We learn the name of action!

—D.W., 22.

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Mr. Thomas stipulated a shorthand speed at the rate of 200 words a minute, and Russell is taking special training at the Success to meet this requirement.

There are other qualifications which are not worrying young Russell, who is just 20, so much, including certain aptitude for mechanics. Neither does the thought of cannibals or jungle beasts hold any terror for him. There is just one thing he fears—but perhaps that had best not be told for modesty's sake.

Russell is a graduate of St. John's Technical High School and received his business training in Success Business College. He is an ardent follower of baseball, football, hockey and sport generally.

Russell joins Mr. Thomas in Winnipeg, May 1, and will spend several months in the Berkshires, where the home of the Thomas family is located.

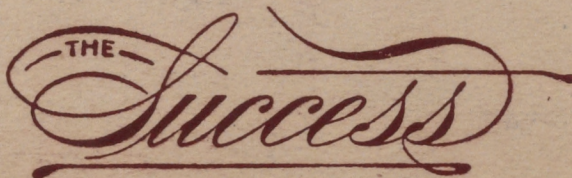
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